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The BYSTANDER

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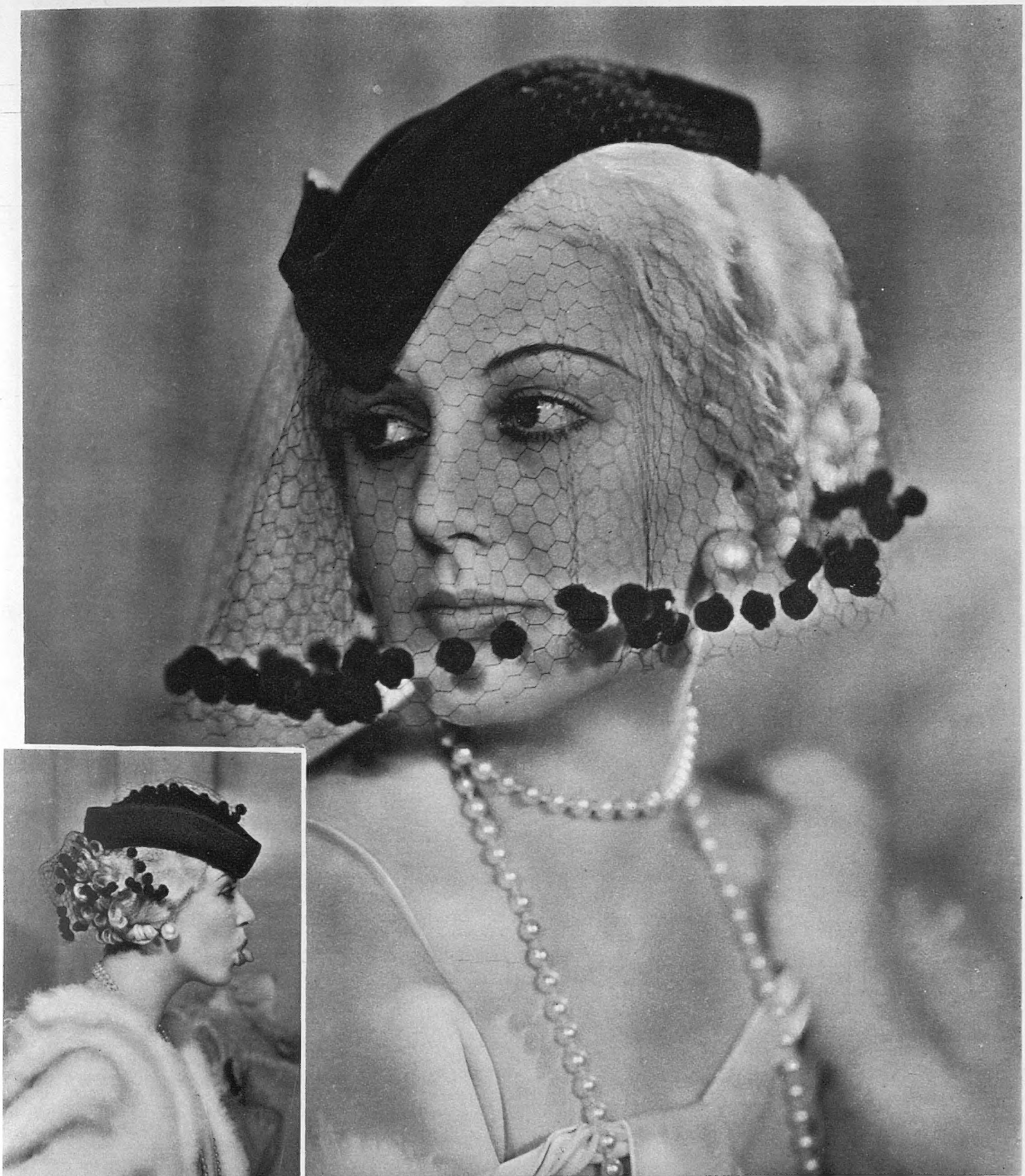
The BYSTANDER



Sasha

ALMOST A LADY

Carol Goodner is making a great success of her part as Kitty Packard in "Dinner at Eight," at the Palace Theatre. This is how she looked when she was sitting up in bed, trying on the latest from Paris, and having a few words with her husband all at the same time: an attractive, versatile, if rather obstreperous wife she makes for Mr. Packard

Mr. William Handley Ferguson, R.H.A., and Miss Rosalie Cory leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding; Lord Burghley, who was the best man, is behind. Miss Cory is the younger daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Cory, of Coryton, near Cardiff

Viscountess Harcourt is one of the Deputy Chairmen of the Ball which will take place on February 14, St. Valentine's Day

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, the Chairman of the Ball Committee, who gave the luncheon, with Miss Doreen Fraser

From Ireland

The PASS

"The Bystander" holds up

THE most interesting volume in Mayfair at the moment is undoubtedly the Brides' Book in Piccadilly. How thumbed are the pages on which Miss Whigham and Miss Coventry have set down their wants and not-wants! The two future brides have this in common—neither wishes for champagne glasses nor brandy glasses. Another point of similarity is that they would both like port decanters. The world is changing fast, isn't it? Port is evidently coming back to fashion.

CONTRASTS arise rapidly in a further review of the wishes of the future wives of Messrs. Charles Sweeny and John Mason. Miss Whigham wishes for no furniture. Miss Coventry can do with sofas and arm-chairs. Miss Whigham's request for decanters is already satisfied and duly ticked off. So is her need for a gong and a coffee set.

WHAT else have we? Well, Miss Whigham would be delighted if you gave her—believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, for she is a teetotaller—cocktail sets and sherry sets. Nor would packs of cards and card-tables come amiss. An experienced bride would not have put down on the list either silver trays or cigarette boxes among the gifts she would like. Automatically these arrive at any smart bride-to-be's home by the van-load and without asking. The same holds good with clocks and waste-paper baskets.

FOR those of you who have put off your wedding present to the last few days, may I add that while a portable wireless set, jade ornaments, book-rests, breakfast sets, and liqueur glasses would make you popular with the future Mrs. Sweeny, any friends of Miss Coventry or Mr. Mason who give them poker chips would be equally welcome. As I came upstairs from the perusal of the Brides' Book I met Lord Poulett on his way down. But I did not ask him any awkward questions.

ANOTHER interesting book is the one at Dorchester House in which people who call on Queen Ena sign their names. It is placed in the entrance of the hotel, and is immediately noticeable, with its crimson leather, gilt cypher, and a crown.

THE problem raised in last week's BYSTANDER by "Caviare" as to whether or not women should curtsey to the Grand Duke Dmitri has caused a lot of comment. The camps seem to be equally divided. The answer is really, I suppose, that a woman should do it in a private house, though it is not necessary to do so at a dance club or

Left are Lady Powerscourt, the Hon. Mrs. Wright, the Hon. Mervyn and Mrs. Wingfield, and Lord Powerscourt at Powerscourt Castle, Co. Wicklow. The Hon. Mervyn Wingfield and his bride, who was Miss Sheila Beddington, were married out in Palestine, and have just arrived home after their honeymoon

t. Valentine's Ball Fork Luncheon

Miss Audrey Simpson and Miss Mona Simpson were two of the guests at the luncheon, which was at the Cunningham-Reid's house in Upper Brook Street

The host, Captain "Bobby" Cunningham - Reid, M.P., and the Countess of Brecknock, who is the President of the Ball, which is being arranged in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind

ING HOUR

the Mirror to the Gay World

restaurant. As for men calling him "Sir," I can only say that on the two occasions when I was at the bar of White's Club and the Grand Duke was there, all the men did so.

WITHOUT any of the fuss which attends the departures of women like Lady Bailey, Lady Mary Pakenham has flown off quietly to India. She is going to stay with the Chetwodes, and will be met over there by her cousin, Mr. Mansel Villiers, Lord Jersey's brother. She is going by easy stages, her first stop being Paris. I believe that Miss Delia Crossley is also flying to India.

LADY MARY'S sister, Lady Violet Pakenham, has now recovered from her 'flu, and is shortly going to share a flat with Miss "Ti" Macrae, the daughter of Lady Margaret Macrae. Miss Macrae was recently given a Borzoi, which made it necessary for her to give up living at the International Sportsmen's Club, as it is against the Club rules to have dogs in bedrooms.

THE 'flu seems to be dying down. Certainly the weather this last week was much warmer. I feel largely responsible for this, for I bought a pair of skates and boots last week. The thaw started immediately afterwards.

DURING the cold spell the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York both skated on Virginia Water. Despite the flattering comments by the gossip writers, I am afraid that the Prince of Wales was not the adept on the ice that he was made out to be. It is true he did not fall, but he would be the first to admit he is not an expert. The Duke of York, on the other hand, showed that he had quite a good working knowledge of it as a result of lessons that he has taken.

THE chief event of last week was the dance and reception given in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox at the Duchess of Northumberland's house in Prince's Gate. During the earlier part of the evening it was a rather solemn affair, with people like Sir Robert Vansittart and other big-wigs from the Foreign Office and elsewhere. It then developed into an admirable dance, and a number of the people who had intended to go to the Midnight Matinée organised by Lady Mount Temple at the Regal failed to do so.

"The Sign of the Cross" Première

Above: Oriel Ross, Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Charles Laughton, who is Nero in the film, and Miss Denny

Left: Lady Cunard and Mr. David Bruce were two more who went to see Cecil de Mille's grand spectacle at the Carlton

Below: Gloria Swanson and her husband, Mr. Michael Farmer, were there, too, among the many celebrities in the audience

THE bridal dresses at the wedding of Lady Anne Wellesley next month, at St. George's, Hanover Square, should be very attractive. They are to be replicas of the fashions worn at the historic Duchess of Richmond's Ball on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. The bride's train will stretch nearly twelve feet along the ground. The bridesmaids will be wearing violet-coloured Empire gowns, which should look both charming and dignified—quite a contrast from certain other weddings.

ANOTHER dance of last week was given by Lady Alastair Innes-Ker for the début of her daughter. It was a small dance, with a surprising number of old people there. The prettiest girl was Lady Caroline Paget.

NEXT week there will be a more sophisticated dance for the young married set, given by Mrs. St. John Hornby for her daughter-in-law, Lady Veronica Hornby. It will take place at Shelley House, in Chelsea, and ought to be a very gay affair.

FROM Paris I hear that everything is very expensive, but that it is not so dull as people make out. The Café de Paris is now the smartest place in the capital, and, in fact, is the only one where evening dress is compulsory.

THE Montmartre, the night club which used to be the Perroquet, is also crowded every night, and is a lot of fun. The other night the English contingent included Jack Hylton, Dodo Watts, and several others who had come to see the best dance turn in Paris. This is the trio called Nice, Phlorio and Lubow. Café de Paris, please note.

THE West Indies cruises are certainly taking away large numbers of the supper crowd from London. All the restaurant managers are noticing it. However, the leading places are quite amusing. At the Embassy the other day General Trotter was in one of the corner seats. Bob Foster, who has

Swaebe

Miss V. Legard and Mr. William Olsson at the Fairy Tale Ball, which was held last week in aid of the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, and at which the Duchess of Portland received the guests

Mayfair Acts Fai

been in two taxi-cab smashes during the last two or three months, was in another. And there was quite a number of pretty women present.

THE death of Commander Rodd cast a gloom over Mayfair, as it did over St. Moritz. He was a tall, good-looking young man, and was very

A Scottish Wedding

Mr. Richard Cartwright and the Hon. Elspeth Weir, Lord and Lady Weir's daughter, were married at Eastwood Parish Church, Glasgow, last week. The bridegroom is the son of the late Sir Fairfax Cartwright

Pink Coats i

The Hunt Ball in aid of the Royal Veterinary College, whi week, was a great success, and very "huntin'"; in the gro Mr. G. W. Pennington, Mrs. Arthur Bingham, Mr. T. Lak

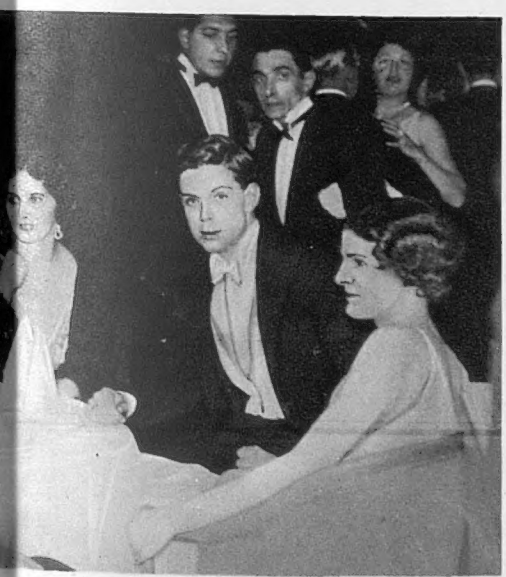
Tales for Charity

Above: Lady Caroline Paget, who made a most attractive "Princess" in the "Sleeping Beauty" tableau at the Fairy Tale Ball, talking to the Countess of Lytton, the Chairman of the Ball Committee, and her son, Viscount Knebworth

Left: Mr. A. Ritcher, the Hon. Lady Chichester, in the dress she wore in the "Cindrerella" tableau, Mrs. Ritcher, and the Hon. Brinsley Le Poer Trench at Grosvenor House, where the Fairy Tale Ball was held

Swaebe

Lord Burgh, who acted as Master of Ceremonies at the Ball and ran an American auction, the Hon. Eveleigh Leith, and Mr. R. H. Eckersley, who is the Director of Programmes at the B.B.C.



the Strand *Swaebe*

was held at the Roman's Club at Romano's last above are Mr. Arthur Bingham, Miss Buckmaster, Miss Pennington, Mr. O. Poole, and Miss Gilkison

popular. He made a number of friends on one of those West Indies cruises last year, and was known for his daring and his good temper.

OWING to the death of her fiancé's father, Miss Constance Holford's marriage to Sir John Reynolds is going to be very quiet on Saturday, and there will be no reception. Miss Holford is a charming girl. I met her down at Lady Stalbridge's house in Hampshire. She is a relative of the former owner of Dorchester House. Her future husband is a widower.

WHATEVER the political feeling may be in Ireland towards this country, it would seem that it is not reflected in the sporting world. On Saturday, on the occasion of the England v. Ireland match, the annual "Rugger" Ball, organised by the Barbarians, Blackheath, Harlequins, London Scottish, Richmond, and Rosslyn Park, will be held at the Dorchester Hotel.

ALSO on Saturday is a reception in honour of the birthday of Prince Faroud, the Crown Prince of Egypt. This will be given at the Royal Egyptian Legation between four-thirty and six-thirty. A Saturday-afternoon invitation is rather a test of people's friendship, but, apart from anything else, no doubt the International "Rugger" Match will keep several people in London.

CIRO's seems to be brightening up fast. On Wednesday Lady Carnarvon and Lady Ancaster both had parties. Sir Michael Duff Assheton Smith was there just before going off to America. Let us hope, for the English débutantes' sake, he will not fall in love out there. Lord and Lady Queensberry, Lady Sibell Lygon, and Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe Owen were others whom you do not often see in this club.

Hay Wrightson

Miss Constance Holford

Miss Holford, who is the second daughter of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Holford, and a niece of Lord Stalbridge, is engaged to Sir John Reynolds, of Cuddington, Cheshire

A Racing Reverie

Weights; and a Weighty One: *By "Regular"*

THE frost is over and we breathe a sigh of thankfulness—not that it has caused any real hardship to you and me. Deprived of our racing, we have drunk a couple of extra glasses of port for luncheon, and then made a surreptitious survey of our list of telephone numbers. Beyond a slightly overtaxed liver and a not unpleasant feeling that we 've been rather devils, we are none the worse.

THOSE, however, who contrive to get a precarious livelihood from National Hunt sport, have a very different tale to tell, and a prolonged frost means real hardship and, in some cases, actual privation for hundreds.

THE frost, however, came at a very opportune moment for that wise body of men, the racecourse Press, as it coincided with the publication of the National weights. What they would have done without Mr. Bulteel's handicap makes one shudder to think.

EACH morning now we have read the magic words, "Once more Gregalach has been allotted 12 st. 7 lb."; or, "Mr. Bulteel, like his predecessor, the late Mr. Topham, considers Gregalach entitled to top weight." And one offers up a prayer of thankfulness for the guidance of these knights of the pen who make it so easy for us to back winners.

AFTER a careful study of the National weights, I have come to one unalterable opinion—THEY 'VE ALL GOT TOO MUCH WEIGHT. Now, then, there 's one for you. The weights, to my mind, are on too high a scale, and should be dropped at least 7 lb. all round.

I SAY it now and I shall say it again and again—it is not fair to crush a good horse out of the race by asking him to carry 12 st. 7 lb. Immediately a number of clever people will accuse me of talking rot, and say: "Oh, but it 's been done." I know that, my friends. Yes, and Mollison, Lindbergh, and a few other heroes flew the Atlantic, but you don't expect everyone who goes to New York to fly there.

THERE is no earthly reason why the top-weight should not carry 12 stone and the bottom weight 10 stone. The only people who could have any sort of complaint would be a few "bumpers" who might get a ride on one of the bottom weights and wouldn't be able to do 10 stone.

No one admires the pluck of these young amateurs more than I do, but I do not see why the race should suffer just for their benefit, and, furthermore, if *they* can't do 10 stone, there 's no end of a lot of hard-working professionals who can.

MY only other comment on the handicap, which, like every other Grand National Handicap, is more or less a cut-and-dried affair, is that Mr. Bulteel obviously believes in Tariffs, and in awarding the Frenchman, El Hadjar, 12 st. 2 lb., he has made sure that we shall all have to Bet British.

I AM all against "chucking in" a foreigner in one of our handicaps, but to give a six-year-old such a weight, especially one who has never been over an English country, is tantamount to saying "We don't want your entry."

Miss Kitty Seely and Mr. Patrick Seely go racing together a good deal; they are Major-General "Jack" Seely's son and daughter

ABLER pens than mine have tried, and failed, to do full justice to the never-failing attractions of Lady Putaway, a true (George) Edwardian, if ever there was one, though, with increasing years and a firmer social standing, her memory of the footlights has dimmed to vanishing-point. She has, on occasions, forgotten ever having been on the wrong side of them at all.

KNOWN to a pre-war generation as "Hansom-Cab Gertie," she was wooed and wed by Sir Percy Putaway, known to every chorus-girl as "Percy the Pouncer."

HER courtship was a whirlwind one, and is best described in the memoirs of one of the Baronet's brother-officers: "The distance from the Gaiety Theatre to Romano's is but a stone's throw; Percy, though, was a quick mover. On this occasion he was a little too hasty—the shafts broke, the horse fell down, and Percy had to marry the girl."

The Hon. Dorothy Paget, owner of a champion 'chaser, Golden Miller, goes walking with Billy Stott, the champion jockey. Miss Paget always wears that coat, and she always carries a lot of newspapers, just like that

IN these days of broken romances, it is a welcome change to tell of an alliance so perfect. "Not even in his conscious moments did dear Percy give me a moment's anxiety," Lady Putaway once told me. Right at the end, the Baronet declared that he had as a bed-fellow, "another of those damned snakes." This remark, I hasten to add, was the outcome of delirium, and could not have referred to her Ladyship, who was, and still is, a lady of ample proportions.

BUT enough of this dipping into the past. It is the present which concerns us. Glorious in her widowhood, with her strength of mind and voice unimpaired by the ravages of time, and a capacity for gin and tonic which would do credit to a woman half her years, she is very rightly described as the Doyen of the Regulasses.

AS a critic of all Turf matters, she is known and feared. Jockeys who have sustained short-head defeats have suffered the lash of her tongue; trainers whose fancied article has not connected have wilted under her scorn; barmaids who have given her "short measure" have burst into tears; while a bookmaker who had given her under the odds blushed a deeper shade of red under the torrent of abuse.

THAT voice which, in days gone by, penetrated to the furthermost corner of the gallery (it is true that only one line was its inadequate portion), can be heard wafted up the Rowley Mile at Newmarket, or vibrating round the Frying-Pan at Ally Pally. Her "Come on, Steve!" is among the most penetrating I know, while her "Objection!" should her own fancy come in second, is liable to put ideas into little men's heads, which were never there before.

"I'll not hear a word about the 'Daily Mail'"

All Over the Map

And All with Claim to Fame

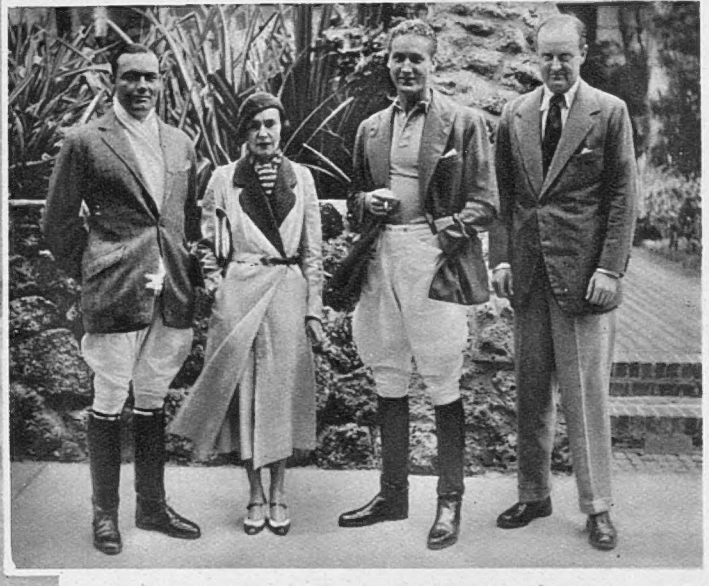
Below: Rouben Mamoulian, Maurice Chevalier, Marlene Dietrich, her daughter, Maria, and her husband, Rudolf Sieber, at the Paramount Studio Cafeteria, when Marlene gave a lunch party for her husband, who is leaving the film colony. Mamoulian is to direct her next film

Screen Kings at Hollywood

A Stage Queen at Monte

Evelyn Laye has been holidaying in Monte Carlo, and at this particular moment was being put on the right road by a Monte Carlo policeman. She and Frank Lawton were two of the guests at the Sporting Club big gala dinner

Mr. Bernard Shaw at Sea



Polo Princes at Palm Beach

Left: Mr. Bernard Shaw in search of his—no, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a sun-hat and the middle of the Indian Ocean, watching a ship pass the Empress of Britain, the Canadian Pacific liner on which he is world-cruising

Above: Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, his sister, Miss Sarah Jane Sanford, Mr. George J. Atwell, and Captain Boyd Rochfort on their way to the polo ground. The polo season at Palm Beach is now in full swing

The Hulbert brothers go out ski-ing. Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, and Claude Hulbert have all been on holiday at Pontresina

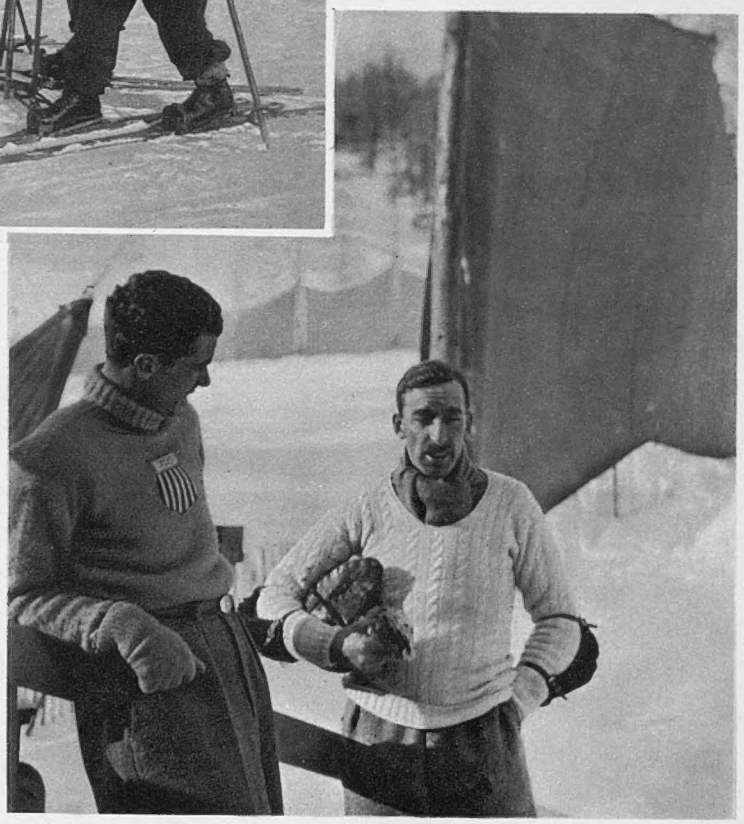
Skis, Skates and the Cresta

Above: Miss Angela Baring, daughter of the late General the Hon. Everard Baring, is an expert skater, and was photographed doing some figure-work on the Suvretta rink

Right: Mrs. Furber, Mr. Mortimer Furber and Mrs. Jack Hulbert out on the slopes near Pontresina

Below: Mr. Jack Heaton, of the U.S.A., this year's Curzon Cup winner, talking to Lord Grimthorpe, who won it last year, and this year was fourth; he went out to St. Moritz for a week, specially to compete

Below: Lady Fox, the attractive wife of Sir Giffard Fox, M.P., has been at St. Moritz, and was one of the enthusiasts who went out to watch the early-morning Cresta



The Fairy Tale Ball at Grosvenor House

The Hon. Diana Russell, who is at supper with Mr. David Smith-Dorrien, was one of the extremely attractive "Ugly Sisters," in the "Cinderella" tableau

Miss Averil Streatfeild and Mr. Peter Clarke having a quiet moment at the Ball, which, what with the tableaux, an auction, and dancing, was a very busy one

Photographs by Swaebe

The Fairy Godmother (Nelson Keys) helping Cinderella (Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore) to make up her eyelashes before the tableau. Nelson Keys' appearance as the Fairy Godmother was one of the most popular moments of the evening

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

THIS week I will tell you my choice of fascinating women. Four "unmarrieds":

Miss Rose Bingham—really fascinating in the romantic sense of the word.

Miss Diana Coventry—alive, gay, vital.

Miss Sheila Berry—intelligent, subtle, sensitive.

Lady Pamela Smith—so lovely, so charming; you have to love her.

NOW the "marrieds":

Mrs. Reggie Fellowes—sophisticated, exotic, chic, and so, so fascinating.

Lady Ashley—sharp, quick-witted, superficially witty.

Mrs. Colclough—a fascinating face and a "Do-explain-to-me-I'm-not-clever" charm.

Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton—a "What-will-she-do-next?" fascination; unusual, original, impulsive, and charming.

THE most fascinating "lovely" among the very young is Dorothy Hyson. Please don't get spoilt. You are entrancing as natural, fresh, eager youth personified.

THE ranks of affectionate brothers and sisters are furthered by Miss Bapsy Pavry and her brother, Dr. Jal Pavry, who go everywhere together, and generally walk out to dinner. "Bridget and George" Poulett are devoted to each other; so is Lord Sudeley to his only sister.

MRS. MONTAGUE NORMAN is handsome after the manner of Lady Blandford. I like her delightful straight nose and frank eyes. What a good-looking man her husband is, and—must I say it?—so interesting to talk to—and of.

A YOUNG golfer is looking much happier again, but I understand the fairway is still far from smooth.

LADY KEMBALL-COOK does her hair in a little-girl way which suits her. Miss Peggy Gordon-More has cultivated her Victorian style for a long time now—what about a new period? I like Miss Audrey Simpson's—definitely 1933 and no nonsense.

THINGS which amuse me—

The retroussé nose of a pretty "married," which is infallible at "smelling" out commissions.

The stories a much-married-and-often tells about this one.

DOES a "Lady of Quality" recite—

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick, stick, beat dog—";

and what is the diplomatic answer?

GLAMOUR, according to Hollywood, is the one thing which "matters." I wonder who has it over here? Lady Lavery, of the not-so-young brigade; Rosita Forbes, with her background of courage and exploration. And of the young things, there is a suspicion of its halo round Miss Margaret Whigham and Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward.

MRS. "REGGIE" SHEFFIELD has got very thin, but is lovelier than ever. We remember her best as Mrs. Glen Kidston, for London sees her very seldom these days. She is thrilled with her new daughter, who promises to be attractive. The much-written-about Archie Kidston, her son, is getting a big boy.

PRINCESS ALICE is so good-looking and so charming. Why can't some Mayfair hostesses take a lesson from her dignity and good-taste dressing? The ex-wife of a baronet and a certain peeress would do well to study her, then face themselves frankly in a mirror.

LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS HAMILTON has caused many a heart to flutter in St. Moritz—his profile is perfect and his smile should be filmed. His wife is a darling, and we all love her. The snow and ice seem to be melting from a little brunette heart, but not in the direction we all intended.

TRIANGLE—

A young man is "off" marriage.
A young woman is definitely determined.
The only escape is "Cad's Corner."

FAMILIAR landmarks—

Mme. de Peña's osprey hat.

Miss Lily Elsie's pretty cousin-companion.

The Duke of Marlborough at the Café de Paris.

SOME of our Mayfairites are missing from our midst. This is really an S O S. for them. Sir Henry Birkin—answers to the name of "Tim." Miss Rose Bingham—where is she? Lady Patricia Moore—it must be that "bookshop." Lady Diana Gibb—I've heard of her, but not seen her. However, to cheer us up, Mr. Charles Birkin is with us.

DID a "lovely" leave a country house in haste after the postman had brought her a letter, and had a party in London anything to do with her haste?

"Mother of Pearl," at the Gaiety

Alice Delysia is busy at the Gaiety in "Mother of Pearl," and she is drawn bigger than the other characters because she has the biggest part. In this musical play there is no chorus, except of her old lovers, who, with others, as will be seen, she keeps on a string. They are Justice Veal (Aubrey Mather), Lord Amber (David Hutcheson), both ex-lovers; Jasper Buttle (Roy Byford), a would-be lover; François (Austin Trevor), a maître d'hôtel; and John Stirling (Reginald Gardiner), a cricketer who takes her out to supper, and Colonel Trotter (Hubert Harben), another old flame. Above: the father of Pearl (Frederick Ranalow), Pearl herself (Sepha Treble), and the husband of Pearl (Richard Dolman)

At the Theatre

Pearl's Mother and Julian's Fathers

Sketches by Rouson

"Mother of Pearl"

"ALL things bright and beautiful" is Mr. Cochran's favourite hymn; gratefully let ear, eye and intellect proclaim the loud Amen. *Mother of Pearl* he gives us, but not of plain. A white swan upon a silver lake—Oliver Messel's décor is like that, so cool and stylish—is no more plain than it is tuppence coloured. It speaks joyously, but in a classical whisper. There is no room here for the brazen or the obvious, and in and out of the pattern of filigree the light airs of Oscar Strauss steal with delicate intrusion.

THERE is no chorus to plug them, for this is a musical comedy without the usual Young Ladies; or, contrariwise, a farcical comedy with tunes. A. P. Herbert has adapted it from the German and grafted it lavishly with his wit and workmanship. The lyrics are vintage Hammersmith—light verse immaculately turned. And the Haddock touch is always patent and occasionally rampant. The tax-collector, the politician and the flannelled fool receive the usual dig in the ribs. Officialdom, in fact, is made to look its silliest in a scene on which Gilbert's irony could not have improved. A Judge, a Colonel, an Admiral, an M.F.H., a Lord Mayor, a gossip-writing peer, and the President of the Board of Trade, each in the full regalia of his office, forgather at a supper party of old flames which each thinks is to be a tête-à-tête. It is a whim of the Pavani, who takes a new lover every year and always from the governing classes. A revenge for a war baby, now a Pearl of a girl of eighteen, whose father is the aforesaid Cabinet Minister.

THE "Oh-my-child-I-am-your-mother-but-you-won't-know-it-till-the-last-act" situation calls for all a Pavani's dramatic resources.

There are lovers new and old to be vamped, Pearl's young man to be renounced, Pearl to be saved from giving herself, in a fit of after-marriage pique, to her husband's best friend, and all this without drawing breath, so to speak, from scene to scene, from song to song, from tears to laughter, from spoof to sincerity. How Delysia does it must be seen to be believed. It is superhuman, immense, dazzling, the part of her life. She is never at fault, never at a loss. Her greatest test and triumph comes in the last, and perhaps the best, scene of all, a private supper-room in a Bloomsbury restaurant, with Reginald

Gardiner, as victim of her vamping, striving desperately, in cricket lingo, to substitute Australian hock and a sandwich for champagne and oysters. There 's the perfect "silly ass" comedian for you, if you like—which, of course, you do.

With the salary list bulging with talent it seems invidious to mention Aubrey Mather's Judge, Austin Trevor's waiter, Frederick Ranalow's politician, or Richard Dolman's pleasant jeune premier. Sepha Treble is a Pearl to look at: she should dance often and sing—well, hardly ever. The "also starred" include such names as A. Scott-Gatty, David Hutcheson, Roy Byford, Hubert Harben, and Molly Lumley. But one name suffices as the hall-mark of a delectable entertainment—Delysia.

"The Green Bay Tree"

MORDAUNT SHAIRP, because he wrote *The Crime at Blossoms*, is an author to follow. Eliminate a few minor improbabilities, dim down, perhaps, the over-glowing death-mask's final hint of macabre over-emphasis, amplify the too-sudden production of the revolver—and this study of the struggle for a young man's soul meets all the more exacting tests of play-making. Only brilliant creative writing and the liveliest imagination could make immaculate bricks out of such unsavoury straw. The theme is unpleasant, the handling superb. The rich, effeminate Dulcimer ("Dulcie") posing at the piano, glorying in his fastidious tastes, arranging the flowers, sipping expensive old brandy, proclaims at once the cloven and unmentionable hoof. Shall Julian, the son of a drunken Welsh miner, now a reformed dairyman in Camberwell, continue in parasitic luxury to be the mirror of his patron's corrupting influence? Or shall the boy, spitefully cut off with a shilling, swot at anatomy in his father's back parlour, in a laudable resolve to be a veterinary surgeon, like the nice girl he is engaged to?

The sinister undercurrents are diverted through the by-ways of sparkling dinner-table conversations. The temper of the wit, the fastidious touches to the freak dinner, where host and guests sit at separate tables and the impeccable butler plays at being maître d'hôtel, are the treble improvisations on the baser theme. The hot-house atmosphere of the room is charged with the struggle between Dulcimer and the girl. Dulcimer's murder next day at the hands of Julian's father is almost anti-climax—a crude and clumsy affair compared to the elaborate fencing of the night before. But the finale, death-mask apart, is cruelly effective. There stands Julian, as the lights fade, in "Dulcie's" gloves, doing the flowers in "Dulcie's" way, speaking, almost, in "Dulcie's" voice. He has chosen between the dead man's tainted riches and the woman who would still save him.

A BRILLIANT and elaborate character-study of Dulcimer by Frank Vosper, Hugh Williams's flair for depicting youthful decadence, Henry Hewitt's careful miniature of a butler, Herbert Lomas's authentic air of the wild Welsh hills, and Catherine Lacey's competent and sincere picture of a business woman steer Mr. Shairp's precious and provocative craft into safe waters. For the connoisseur this voyage of discovery should not be missed.

TRINCULO.

"The Green Bay Tree," at the St. Martin's Theatre

The quick finish is here shown of the unmentionable Mr. Dulcimer (Frank Vosper), who is shot by the father (Herbert Lomas) of the boy Mr. Dulcimer has adopted. Above that pair are the boy himself (Hugh Williams), Leonora Yale (Catherine Lacey), his fiancée, a hard-working veterinary surgeon; and Trump, the butler (Henry Hewitt), who is surprised at nothing that happens in "Dulcie's" exotic bachelor ménage

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

Right: Sir Harry Brittain following his route previous to his departure on the Artemis, the Imperial Airways monoplane, which is making a sixteen-thousand-mile aerial tour over Africa

Below: The Earl of Cromer, Sir Austen Chamberlain, M.P., and Lady Gomer Berry at the luncheon given in honour of M. Flandin, the former French Minister

Lord Stanley, M.P., Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, and Lord Burghley, M.P., the old and new Chairman of the Junior Imperial League

EVENTS abroad last week were sufficiently exciting, I imagine, to satisfy the most hardened of thrill-seekers. Indeed, the situation for most of us is too dangerous to be exciting. The crises in Germany and France, though not unforeseen by those in touch with the Continent, burst suddenly on the majority of the people who rely for their knowledge of international affairs on the daily papers. The responsibility they bear at a time like the present, some think, is most undesirable.

CERTAINLY a survey of the world to-day is, to say the least of it, depressing. News from the United States is increasingly pessimistic, the trouble in Scandinavia is not yet done with. Ireland's difficulties are just beginning; China and Japan are still at loggerheads. And there are South Africa and Spain and Persia, each with a problem which must be settled without delay.

IN such a state of affairs, Parliament met yesterday. What is the legislative programme? What does it matter what it is? is the general feeling. To tinker at home with domestic troubles, however serious they are in their own spheres, with the world in the condition that it is, is like a plumber mending a blocked-up pipe in a house which is on fire.

MR. MACDONALD believes that the economic Conference will save the world. Mr. MacDonald has just recently been elected the Conference's President! The taxpayer believes that lower taxation will save him. He has just recently paid his Income Tax. What does Mr. Neville Chamberlain think?

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S following is growing. His speeches at Leeds and Birmingham were a success. They were the speeches of a man who knew his own mind. He is a very different person from Sir Austen, who, though personally popular, has always suffered from a "marionette" complex. Neville Chamberlain is making no mistake as to who is going to pull his strings.

IT will be interesting to see what Sir John Simon makes of the new situation abroad. His Croydon exits and entrances may not be so numerous as before. The Hitler Chancellorship probably means the death-knell of the Disarmament Conference. Poor Arthur Henderson left high and dry! But someone will chuckle.

THE Argentine Mission arrived here yesterday, led by the Vice-President, Dr. Roca. Much work of great importance lies ahead of them. The four delegates are all men of eminence, but Dr. Leguizamon is the one who will be, perhaps, if the least known, the most sought after. In his own country he has no official position whatsoever. But there is not a Government that does not make use of his services. His knowledge of international conditions, and of the business community throughout the world, is unrivalled.

THE recent case in the Courts brought by Ashridge, the Conservative Party's Educational College, in an attempt to plead itself a charitable institution for Income Tax purposes, divulged not only the fact that the Conservative Central Office evidently considers its propaganda in the light that a good many others do, but also that Mr. Urban Broughton gave Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, then Chairman of the Party—£100,000. Mr. Davidson spent it on buying Ashridge; Mr. Broughton, alas! died shortly after. His son received his father's posthumous peerage of Fairhaven; but Ashridge as the title would have been a beau geste to a splendid purchase. The College, incidentally, is the one Conservative organisation that seems to earn unstinted praise. It should be remembered to Mr. Davidson's credit that it was entirely through him that the Party owns it to-day.

MY remarks last week on carpet-baggers might, I think, with some advantage be pursued. It is a question which is becoming of increasing interest to the electorate. Do the party managers realise that the extraordinary and unexpected growth of local patriotism has coincided with the extension of the vote? Opportunities are being lost every day. Take Sir Vivian Henderson, who, born in Glasgow, lives in Hampstead. He has had a distinguished career of minor offices, but each of his chosen constituencies has, in time, rejected him, and he moves from place to place. Now he sits for Chelmsford. But why? Is there no Essex man for an Essex seat? How does Sir John Leigh judge the opinion of Clapham from Carlton House Terrace? Or Mr. Herbert Williams that of Croydon from Putney? Why was Sir Gifford Fox, who comes from Liverpool, chosen as Conservative candidate—he is now the Member—for Henley? Is there an explanation? What is it?

Knife and Fork Activities

Personalities pictured at Supper and such-like

Miss Elise Linder, a cousin of Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. J. Jarvis, Miss Lily Elsie herself, the Hon. Mrs. Brett, and Miss Angela Brett were a theatrically flavoured party on the balcony at the Café de Paris recently

Lady Scarsdale, above, and Sir Harold Bowden, below. Though separated here they were seated at the same table

Lady Inchiquin, Lord Scarsdale, Mrs. Rodd, and Major Reid Jamieson submit unknowingly to the ordeal of the flash-lamp

Photographs: Swaebe

Mrs. Barber Gerald, Lady Rose, and Sir Humphrey Rose are the trio supping together in the circle above

On the far left is Mr. D. Smith-Bingham, and above is Count T. Rijs, who is at the Danish Legation here

D

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

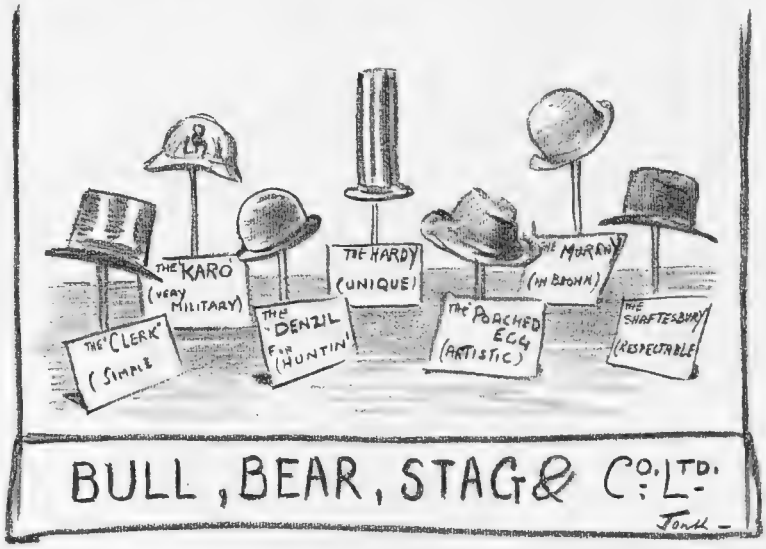
Mr. Waldron Smithers: "Newfoundland Pup"

THE "whole-timers" are back at work again, those energetic people who spend their days in one "House," and their evenings in another. There are several members of the Stock Exchange who are also Members of Parliament, and all their energy is needed for their double lives. Mr. I. J. Albery, who is the Conservative Member for Gravesend, has been leading one for some years, and so has Mr. Waldron Smithers, who represents Chislehurst. He is known in the Stock Exchange as the "Newfoundland Pup," and any provocative remarks he makes there are liable to be greeted with what sounds strangely like a chorus of barks, starting with his nearest neighbours and sometimes spreading all over the House.

MR. W. T. SHAW, of Shaw and Co., is the Member for Angus, and a typical Scot, with bright-red hair and moustache, and a grand Scots accent. He is always in a great hurry, and rushes about, with the pockets of the morning coat he generally wears bulging with books and papers.

A TYPICAL 1931 Member, from the point of view of his adoption and selection, is Mr. Gurney Braithwaite, who is with F. A. Nathan and Co. He went up to Sheffield to see about a constituency, and while there was approached by the committee of the Hillsborough Division, who told him that for eighteen months they had been looking for someone who was fool enough to oppose the sitting Member, the late Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty in the Labour Government. Mr. Braithwaite, so the story goes, was asked, after a good lunch, whether he would take it on, and being at the moment in a hopeful frame of mind, accepted. In any case, he was more than justified, as his majority over Mr. Alexander was 6500.

ONE familiar sight that may greet the eye of the new M.P. who is also in the other "House" is a top-hat or two, although they are rarer at Westminster than they are in the City, where they lead a flourishing life—figuratively speaking, of course, as a City top-hat doesn't really live long. But some firms still insist on all their representatives in the Stock Exchange wearing them, including their juniors. J. and A. Scrimgeour are regular top-hatters, as a firm. On the whole, there are more top-hats among broking firms than amongst the jobbers, where, usually, only the seniors wear them, if at all. For clerks, there is a cheap and peculiarly shapeless brand, or, rather, they seem to become very peculiarly shapeless peculiarly quickly. Stock Exchange "waiters," on the other hand, have gold braid round theirs, which gives them a faintly military air.



ONE very special use is found from time to time for those top-hats that members keep in their offices and wear in the House: their flat tops are perfect for balancing bits of paper on, either plain or folded or cut into odd shapes. A paper-cutting and folding competition between Westminster and City regulars would be a close thing, as anyone who has seen the floor of the House of Commons by 10 p.m. would agree. Mr. H. S. B. Greenfield, of Partridge and Greenfield, is a long-suffering victim of paper enthusiasts. He will walk about all day with the latest confection on his hat, or perhaps a length of tape-machine "ribbon" around it, and he replies mildly to anyone who points out to him that it is there, "I know, I know; they want it on."

TOP-HATS with brown suits or brown boots are not looked on with much favour, though such combinations have been seen. Nor were bowlers approved of when first worn in the Stock Exchange, but now they are accepted without comment, including Mr. Murray Griffiths' brown one; but then he has been a member for nearly fifty-six years. Mr. Denzil Fortescue, Earl Fortescue's brother, carries his bowler well; he is very horsey altogether, and even his City coats are cut on those lines. The "Poached Egg" is one of the people who wear a black Homburg and get by with it. And "Inkpot" wears one, too, but not always without comment; he doesn't buy a new one quite often enough, and a gently hummed refrain can sometimes be heard as he goes about, running thus: "When I come out, they always shout: 'Where did you get that hat?'" Mr. Hardy wears a "stovepipe," which, once seen, is never forgotten; his whole Dickensian appearance makes him a real "character" of the City. He has been a member for so many years that he is sometimes called "Christopher Wren's broker." Mr. Shaftesbury Walmisley, senior partner in S. E. H. Walmisley and Co., and another member of long standing, wears a bowler-cum-topper. Mr. Max Karo has not yet been seen in one of the new military deerstalkers; he is the Cadet-Major of the Stock Exchange Company of the Royal Fusiliers Cadet Battalion. Mr. Karo is a small man with a large voice, and good at his drill—he springs smartly to attention when any of his fellow-members in the House shout "'Shun!" at him, and shouts back in stentorian tones, "Fall out, the officers!"

Mr. W. T. Shaw
Always in a great hurry

Delirious Dialogues: No. 2. The Countess of Oxford and Asquith and Jimmy Durante

She: *I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Durante. Your face is familiar.*

He: *Call me Schnozzle, lady. It isn't only my face will be familiar if you give me half a chance.*

She: *But much may be forgiven a film actor who has poked his nose into the million-dollar class.*

He: *A nose like mine could poke itself in anywhere. Am I wrong or am I wrong?*

She: *You appear indubitably right. Of course, I've seen you before upon the screen. Do you know of my activities? I keep a diary.*

He: *Is zat so? Sorry I can't patronise it, but I get my milk from the United Dairies.*

She: *Is zat——. I mean, you misunderstand me. The only milk that I provide is the milk of human kindness. I'm the Countess of Oxford and Asquith.*

He: *Holy smoke!*

She: *That sounds as if you were incensed.*

He: *Nope. I'll be mighty proud to tell the folks I met the Countess of Oxford and Cambridge.*

She: *Asquith, Mr. Durante.*

He: *Am I mortified? Am I mortified?*

She: *I make it a rule never to answer rhetorical questions. Good-day.*

The Passing Picture Show

Tough! By Sydney Tremayne

WHEN the subject of a film is America's model prison, its most humane and progressive Warden, a young crook, determined to be tough at all costs, who nevertheless sacrifices his life for the sake of honour, and the most faithful of tow-haired "Janes," they call it "life in the raw," though the closing scenes of the penological drama called 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing*, with their references to and preparations for electrocution, might make the sensitive chary of allusions to the cooked or uncooked aspects of life—and death!

BUT in spite of some sickly sentimental passages, too great an insistence on the love interest, and one quite appalling and entirely arbitrary introduction of the Warden's prattling child at play, 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing* remains an intensely interesting picture, because it is based on Warden Lawes' absorbing book, because it is most admirably directed, and because Spencer Tracy, as the hero, gives an extremely fine and unforced study of the bombastical, conceited and difficult prisoner who responds to Warden Lawes' theories and practices.

THE opening and closing shots, showing phalanxes of the convicts marching, while the number of years of their sentences are flashed across each man's face as he passes, are dramatic, excellent cinema, and refute the accusation that the title is deceptive. All the scenes showing prison routine, the cells, and interior of the death-house, the base-ball ground, the mentality tests and workshops—presumably accurate—are extraordinarily interesting; types are well chosen, and an attempted escape in which gas is used by the warders against the men, one of whom leaps to death from the iron gallery of the prison, is brilliantly and excitingly handled.

THE fictional introduction of the girl, the "other man," whom she shoots, and for whose murder the hero goes to the chair, destroys the propaganda on which the whole film is based, since the book, 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing*, was written to justify prison reform and the Warden's startling innovation of putting men on their honour, rewarding them for good behaviour, instead of punishing them for bad, and even letting them out of prison on parole; whereas in the film the results, in the story tacked on to the exposition of the system, are so disastrous that they definitely destroy its advocacy.

BUT Spencer Tracy's acting does hold the theme together. It has the essential invisibility of art (to avoid the old tag). He shows you the man, boastful, vain, proud of his position in the underworld and the sensation his conviction has made, trying to intimidate, bluff, and then defy authority and discipline, insisting to the end that he is "tough," but gradually responding to the sanity and humanity of the Warden, so that his underlying loyalty and courage come to the surface. By contrast, the acting of Arthur Byron, as the Warden, is on the laboured and stodgy side, but it is sound. Bette Davis, as the girl friend, is handicapped by being a constant interruption to the more interesting aspects of the picture. Hollywood must think well of her. She has a more important rôle than Dorothy Jordan with Richard Barthelmess in a tiresome picture called *Cabin in the Cotton*. Whether her rise to prominence has anything to do with a supposed resemblance to Constance Bennett I do not know. But they have not found the camera angle which will disguise the ugliness of her nose or the conical shape of her head, and, though fluent, she shows no signs of greatness.

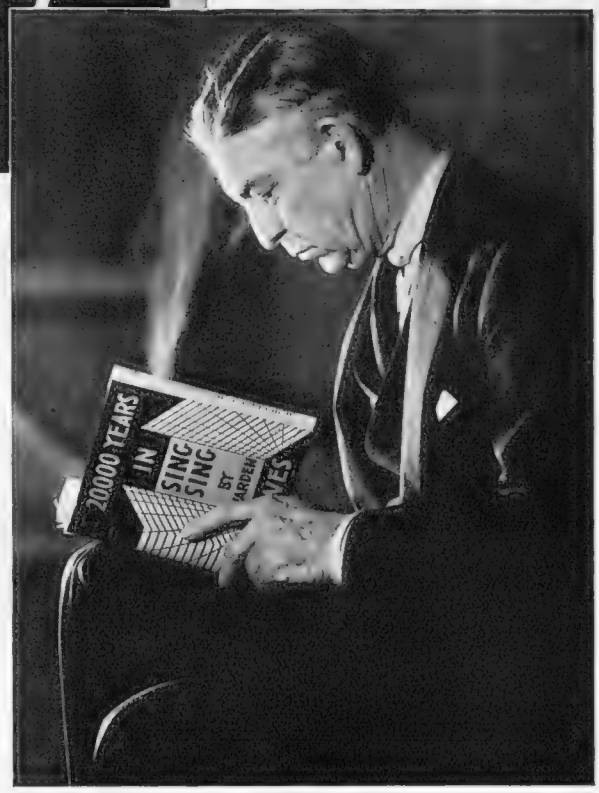
SINCE America so insistently exhibits her criminals and her curious penal customs to us, it is just as well, as an antidote to the "pity-the-poor crook" themes of the Sing Sing film and *I Am a Fugitive*, that we should also be allowed to see the gangster at work, earning some of those twenty thousand years in the "penitentiary," and this we certainly do in the picture called *Central Park*, a good entertainment, all about one afternoon and evening in that famous pleasure resort, during which we are "in on the racket" of a gang of "guys who sure are tough."

The film opens with an aerial view of Central Park, and a series of shots of its patrons and pleasaunces which suggest an index to short stories by O. Henry, and the introductory episode, concerning the meeting at a "hot dog" stall of an out-of-work Rodeo rider, and a girl who came to New York to go on the stage, might well have been conceived by that writer of "human interest" fiction. But from then on the story runs right away from O. Henry's romantic realism at high horse-power pace and concerns a hold-up in the Casino, the escape of a lunatic ex-lion-keeper, who throws a mean colleague to the fiercest of the lions (quite a good mauling scene this for anyone who likes that sort of thing), the lion's perambulations in the park and the Casino, motor chases and crashes, gun-play, murder, arrest of the two innocent dupes, ending with kindly police sergeants, living and dying, and, you would hardly believe it, a happy ending.

JOAN BLONDELL has the only feminine rôle of any importance in *Central Park*, rattles off her lines glibly and naturally, and is always audible, even when she is eating a stolen sausage. Wallace Forde is the rope-throwing hero. He has hardly the physique of a world-beater, but plays with ease and sincerity. Acting honours go to Walter Kibbee, as the old policeman whose sight is failing: he very nearly lifts a death scene out of the bathological *bain-marie* in which such sequences are usually submerged on the screen.

A New Prison Style

Spencer Tracy as the convict, Tom Connors, in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," won't wear the prison uniform, so his warders tell him to get on with it in his underwear and, as a punishment, set him to work in the refrigerator



The Warden

Arthur Byron takes the part of the Warden in the new American prison film, and does a sound bit of acting. Warden Lawes himself supervised the script of the screen version of his book

"At Eight-Fifteen Sharp"

"Mother of Pearl" First-Nighters at the Gaiety Theatre

Above: the author of "Mother of Pearl," Mr. A. P. Herbert, with Mrs. Herbert and their daughter

Left: Mr. Lance Sieveking gives his wife a cigarette. Mrs. Sieveking has adopted the latest "old-fashioned" coiffure, and wore a dress to match

Above: Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger talking to her brother-in-law, Captain Edward Compton

Right: Mrs. Simon Marks and Mrs. Archie Campbell were two more of the record first-night audience at the Gaiety

Above:

Top: Lady Lavery, with Lord Alington and Colonel Messel, whose son, Mr. Oliver Messel, designed the really lovely décor of "Mother of Pearl"

Centre: Princess Arthur of Connaught photographed on her way in to see C. B. Cochran's latest production: with her is Dr. Malcolm Sargent

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley arrived at the theatre in good time

Photographs by Swaebe and Sasha

" P-s-s-s-t ! Doin' anything to-night ? "

WHY should the attempt—and a not unsuccessful attempt—to conduct a full-size orchestra at the Queen's Hall on the part of a man who has won the Waterloo Cup and has owned and ridden race-horses have been greeted with an attitude both patronising and facetious ?

Mr. Sydney Beer's efforts with the baton caused plenty of talk and drew to a symphony concert a large section of the racing crowd, who would never have been tempted by a conductor of brilliant skill and world-wide reputation. That, in itself, is not very funny.

But the fact remains that Mr. Beer, who is genuinely musical, did not take a toss, though he came near it once or twice. His job was not as difficult as some professional conductors would like to make out; for, if Toscaninis do not grow on every gooseberry bush, any man of reasonable intelligence and with a taste for music can survive such an ordeal without making a complete ass of himself.

Moreover, the programme was so familiar that the orchestra could probably have got through it quite as well without a conductor at all, just as the old farm horse can find its way home when its driver is fast asleep after potations at the village pub.

YET to Mr. Beer credit is due for having put up a much better show in that metier than our great conductors would have done in his.

I will warrant that he was more comfortable, as well as more successful, with the *Meistersinger* overture than Sir Henry Wood, Sir Landon Ronald, or Sir Thomas Beecham would have been riding a horse in the Grand National.

Besides, it does some people quite a lot of good, and nobody any harm, for rich men to dabble in music in this way. Perhaps we shall yet see the Duke of Westminster conducting a performance of *Tristan* at Covent Garden and Mr. J. B. Joel in charge of the Bach Choir.

TALKING of rich men and music, the late Mr. Edgar Cohen, who died the other day at an advanced age and in poor health, was a great patron in his heyday. He was genuinely musical, and used to entertain at his house in St. John's Wood all the celebrities, from Caruso downwards.

" The Guv'nor," as he was called, was one of the best-known men in London a few years ago. He could be difficult; but there was never any doubt about his enormous kindness of heart, a quality which has been transmitted to his daughter, Miss " Maddy " Cohen, who for a long time has taken half the theatrical profession under her sympathetic wing.

AS an instance of Edgar Cohen's hospitality, I recall him once ringing me up on a Sunday morning to ask me to one of his vast Sunday dinner-parties, when he kept what practically amounted to open house.

" Sorry, Guv'nor," I replied, " but I 've asked a man to dine with me."

A Bit of Old Rome

Wilson Barrett's old melodrama, " The Sign of the Cross," which, with its mixture of religion and sensuality, sent pale young curates into ecstasies in the naughty nineties, has now been filmed by Cecil B. de Mille, and above is Claudette Colbert, who plays the part of Poppæa, the wife of the Emperor Nero, in which rôle Charles Laughton figures

If Gossip We Must . . .

Left: Dorothy Hyson, the attractive daughter of Dorothy Dickson, who made her début on the stage in Ivor Novello's "Flies in the Sun," now running at the Playhouse Theatre

"Bring him along."

I did so. He stopped in the house for years.

THE London Federation of Boys' Clubs, which knocks a love of sport in general and boxing in particular into the lads who, perforce, dwell in mean streets (and, incidentally, knocks a tendency towards Bolshevism out of them), received a considerable fillip last year by the presence in a ring-side seat, at their display at the Albert Hall, of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who obviously enjoyed himself thoroughly.

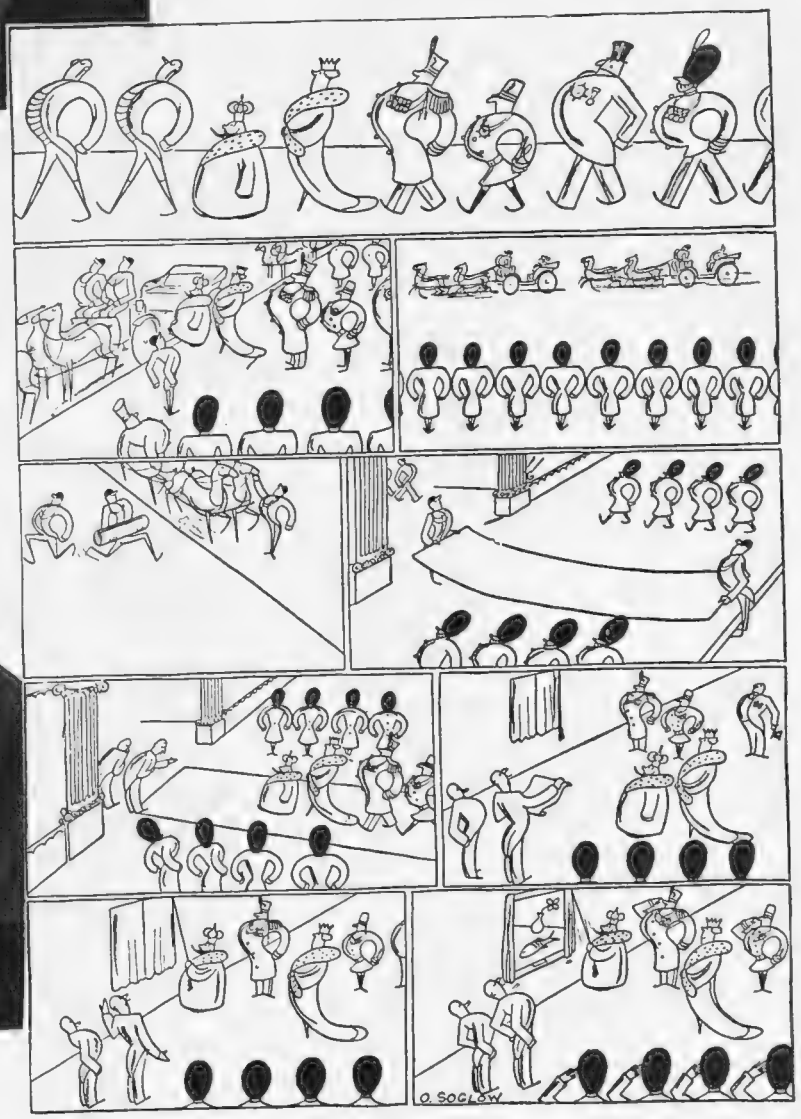
But patronage, however distinguished, is not enough. This admirable institution does a vast amount of good, both directly and indirectly. Though the lads contribute what they can, they are for the most part the poorest of the poor and quite a lot of money is needed annually to keep it going.

Captain Buckmaster—the popular "Buck"—has been the prime mover in this department for some time. He tells me that, following a plan in previous years, he is organising a dinner, dance and cabaret in aid of the Federation on Sunday, February 26th, at 7.45, at the Trocadero.

This is invariably the cheeriest function of the year, with plenty of notabilities among both the performers and the spectators. Tickets are £3 each. Considering the dinner and the entertainment are alike of the best and that, without extra charge, you may smoke as many cigars as you can and drink your fill, and even more, of the cup that cheers and *does* inebriate, nobody, surely, could call this an unreasonable figure.

A New York Cutie

Joan Blondell, who is the lead in "Central Park," a First National picture, the entire action of which takes place in New York's famous playground. In this film she takes the part of an American chorus-girl



Here He Is Again!

A cheery party enjoying the sunshine after a dip in the bathing-pool on board the Red Star Lapland. This fine vessel starts on a "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores on June 17th. Full particulars from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or any travel agency. The cruise lasts fourteen days and fares are from £16

THE Green Room Club is given to "rags"; the Savage Club has its Saturday nights, and occasionally more elaborate festivities; even the solemn Garrick can unbend and at certain periods entertain ladies.

But for many years the Arts Club, the resort of R.A.s and the bugbear of the wild men of Chelsea (who, for the most part, know nothing whatever about it), has remained austerely aloof in its beautiful building. A polite tea-party on the Private View day of the Royal Academy has been about the only diversion.

At last, after nineteen years, the Arts Club, which must *not* be confused with the Arts Theatre Club, has broken out and given a "Ladies' Night." This was the greatest success, over four hundred members and guests being present.

Arthur Wimperis, who has long been a popular member, was in charge of the entertainment, and induced Nelson Keys, who made some of his biggest successes in "the Wimp's" revues at the Palace, to come along. "Bunch" Keys not only entertained, but later auctioned various lots for the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Among these was a picture by the late Sir William Orpen, who used the Club almost daily. This was bought by Sir Edgar Horne.

JOHN GALSWORTHY did not long survive Soames Forsyte, whom he killed off in *Swan Song*, the last volume of the Saga, which contained some of his best work. To some extent Soames was Galsworthy himself, though he always denied it was a self-portrait. True, it cannot have been wholly intended to be, since he wrote of Soames that "the tragedy of his life is . . . the tragedy of being unlovable"—and Galsworthy was the reverse of unlovable.

THOSE who came in contact with him professionally, particularly actors who were appearing in his plays, found him sympathetic and understanding. But he was not a man who would think of courting popularity, and I have heard him called a snob—which he certainly wasn't. Harrow and Oxford weighed rather heavily on him, however, and he was continually obsessed with whether such-and-such behaviour was or was not "cricket." Yet it was no false obsession, and he was the last man in the world to pose. He was in the best sense "old English."

ODES OF ENVY

No. 10.—The Company Promoter

I DO not possess—more 's the pity—
The art that is owned by some chaps,
With offices down in the City,
Of coaxing good money from saps
With schemes to make lighters from glow-worms,
And reap a huge profit thereby—
Why, I 've such a poor manner
I could not raise a tanner.
(I know, for I constantly try!)

How fine, then, to write a prospectus
That never gets thrown on the shelf,
The sort that will quickly infect us
With beautiful visions of pelf,
And then sit back calmly, and wait for
The money to start rolling up
As you note with elation
That a dog-loving nation
Just can't resist buying a pup.

By Jove, yes! I do envy dearly
That top-hatted, white-spatted gent
Who can make you believe quite sincerely
His shares will pay sixty per cent;
But I fear I shall ne 'er reap that harvest
That 's gleaned from the mugs and the mutts,
For though gladly I 'd collar
The investor's last dollar,
I cannot write fiction for nuts!

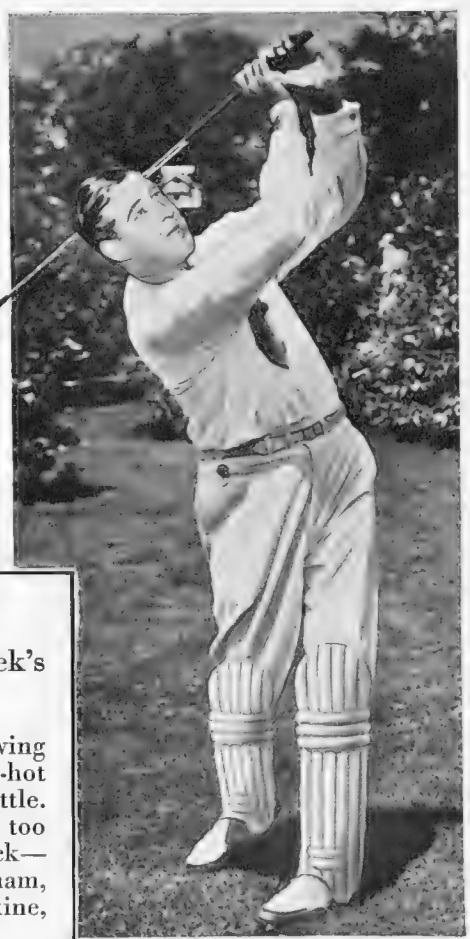
B. W.

I HEAR that many people who have an inside knowledge of the Irish question are finding several crumbs of comfort in the victory of De Valera, bitterly though they are opposed to his policy.

The election passed off with surprising tranquillity, and there has been no aftermath. But there would have been an aftermath of exceeding unpleasantness had De Valera been defeated. For in that event Mr. Cosgrave would almost certainly have been shot; that would have led to reprisals and an outbreak of civil war. Even now, as during the Election, Mr. Cosgrave has to be guarded night and day.

De Valera is no statesman; but he is a brilliant politician and his stage-management during the last few months has been astute in the extreme. He is a difficult man with whom to negotiate, but he is likely to prove more amenable now than he has been hitherto.

There is the financial aspect.



Tatham on the Test

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, our famous cricket critic, practising at the nets at Lord's. See notice on the left

Best For The Test

Exclusive Cables in next week's "Bystander"

Do not miss "Eddie" Tatham's glowing account of the fourth Test Match, red-hot from the scene of the Brisbane battle. No incident too ugly: no tension too high. Additional comments—with luck—by Dean Inge, Miss Margaret Whigham, The Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine, "Caviare" and "Steel Shaft"

NEXT WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" STILL ONLY 1/-

Suicide of a Film Star . . .

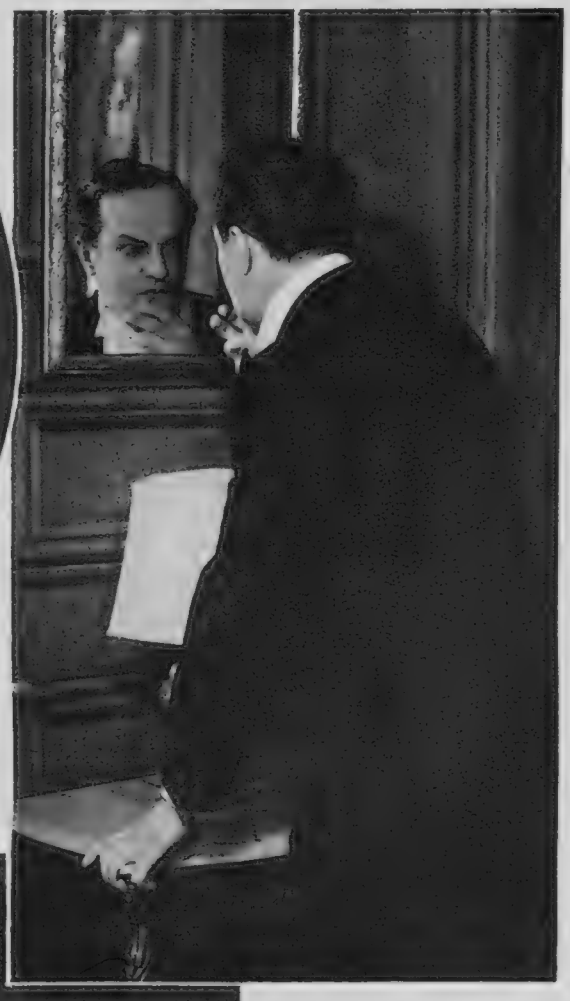
The Hollywood Has-been of "Dinner at Eight": Basil Sydney's Decline and Fall

Wounded Vanity

Larry Renault (Basil Sydney), the fallen film star, furious with his friendly little agent, Max Kane (David Burns), for suggesting that he should take a small part in a new play, tells him to clear out quick

His One Good Deed

Larry Renault (Basil Sydney) declines the offer of Paula Jordan (Margaret Vines) that she should become his mistress



In a Glass Darkly

Above: Larry Renault (Basil Sydney) learns from his looking-glass confirmation of the fact that drink and debauchery have deprived him of his sex-appeal

". . . and Steep My Senses in Forgetfulness"

Photos by Sasha

The final scene of all. Larry Renault (Basil Sydney), without friends, without money, without an engagement, feels that life is not worth living, so he turns on the gas stove and seeks oblivion in the fumes. This sidelight on the career of a film star is the most dramatic of the many incidents in George S. Kaufman's and Edna Ferber's very arresting play, "Dinner at Eight," at the Palace Theatre

Lady Anne Bridgeman and her dog on the ice at Stapleford Park, Col. John Gretton's house, where the Cottesmore gathered in force while hunting was "off" because of frost

Below: Miss Chaplin and Miss Cassel were two of the ice-hockey experts who played in the inter-hunt matches on the lake at Stapleford Park, near Melton Mowbray, which worked off everyone's spare energy

Above: Captain Michael Hornby and his attractive wife having a rest to avoid getting "skater's ankle." Everyone who went up to Melton for the Cottesmore dance was out skating next day, which meant that half Mayfair was on the ice

Right: Lady Londonderry and her youngest daughter, Lady Mary Stewart, were at the skating party at the Grettons which took place after the Cottesmore Hunt Wire-Fund Ball: it was also at Col. Gretton's house, and was held instead of the usual Hunt Ball, which has not been arranged for the last two years

Miss Alathea Lloyd (ce wrong end of a walking set in. With her are

What Did *You* Do in the Great Frost?

The Cottesmore Played Ice-Hockey

Lady Helen Stewart and Mr. William Baird "ashore" for the moment, but ready for battle, which is certainly what ice-hockey is, especially the "mixed" variety

Mrs. A. C. Dawson and Miss Kelsley look as if they are wondering whether it's worth it: one thinks it really might be and the other thinks not

centre) was ready for ice-hockey with the stick when a shortage of hockey sticks Miss Sheila Foster and Mr. Swetenham

One performer and two of the audience at Stapleford Park: Mrs. Charles Mills, Lady Floyd, and Mr. William Smith, whose damaged arm saved him from risking more crashes

Miss Molly Gretton's long boots give her a professional look: she is one of those good-at-most-things people

PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 13: Mr. James Maxton, M.P. *Modelled and Designed by Zec*

MR. JAMES MAXTON M.P.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

In Praise of Ireland

THEY 'VE just taken my temperature again—it 's odd how much they seem to enjoy waking me up. Of course, this temperature of mine is worth taking—it really is rather a good one—roughly, twenty goals, a try and several odd points.

There 's no need to add that influenza is the trouble, and that I 'm lying in bed scratching this out illegibly with a pencil, and wondering what in the world I can talk about when I 've found the top of my head, which has just completely disappeared.

ONE thing at least comforts me—so far, I 've missed very little, for the great frost made football practically impossible for one Saturday, anyway.

Incidentally, had I been fit I should have travelled to Northampton in the hope of seeing the County semi-final between Lancashire and the East Midlands, and I should have come away exceedingly annoyed. Statements were issued to the effect that the game was certain to be played, since a special anti-freezing mixture was being used on the pitch. Perhaps the mixture was wrongly used—but whatever happened, the frost won, and the match could not be played.

I DISTRUST these patent devices, for even if they are effective they will only thaw the surface of the ground, which will then resemble an inch or two of mud spread over a billiard-table. And to be tackled on a billiard-table is no fun at all. This, in fact, is the dangerous period in frosty weather—when a slight thaw has set in, and the surface is apparently soft enough, but a couple of inches down the ground is granite hard. Then it is that the bones go cracking merrily.

BUT these are grim thoughts—what a melancholy affliction this influenza is, to be sure !—and I turn hopefully to next Saturday's match at Twickenham between Ireland and England.

I KNOW many people for whom this is incomparably the best match of the year, if only for the fiery Irish aggression which always sets it alight. And there 's no doubt that the sight of those green jerseys sweeping down in waves against the English line is enough to set even the blasé journalist yelling incoherently.

AS I write this the odd thought occurs to me that the matches in which England plays always take their particular colour from the characteristics of her opponents. That 's a bit complicated, I 'm afraid, but perhaps you can see what I 'm getting at. The English style of play may be effective, and perhaps wins rather more matches than it loses—but it is colourless—there is not even sufficient character about it to distinguish it as the English style at all. It is, in fact, the sane, normal application of simple Rugby theory to a big occasion, and so simple is it, so normal, that we expect our opponents to apply what distinctive touches there are to the game. With the Welshmen, it 's swift attack and ruthless spoiling; with the Scotsmen, it 's sturdy work forward; and with the Irishmen it 's a grand scrap everywhere.

E. O'D. Davy, the Irish International half-back, who, in addition to playing football, takes a great interest in politics

S. Waide, the three-quarter, who became an International with an Irish cap before being given his Blue for Oxford

E. W. de V. Hunt, another Irish three-quarter, who also is a tower of strength for Wanderers as well as United Services

I AM writing without the book, for neither team has been announced. It seems unlikely, though, that the Selectors of either country will have many surprises for us. In the final Irish trial the Probables' backs completely outplayed the Possibles, and the Probables' forwards dominated their opponents. To all intents and purposes, then, the Irish team for Saturday's match will be the one which so unexpectedly beat Wales at Cardiff last year, and a dangerous team we may find it. Pratt, the Dublin University full-back, will probably take E. C. Ridgeway's place, and there may be a couple of changes in the pack, but, in general, we might as well expect the usual Irish mixture, which is likely to explode all over the place at any moment.

Davy is apparently in fine fettle at stand-off half this season, but whether Hunt will produce that phenomenal dash of his, I don't know. He has been a little stale lately, but I believe he had a few days in Switzerland, which may have put him right again. If he is the old buccaneering Hunt, we are in for some trouble; and unless we 've found one or two faster backs, Waide, on the left wing, will bring sorrow to our greying heads. I must say that I hope we see some straightening of the attack and some robust running by the Irish mid-field players, and then one or two of Waide's most breath-taking dashes for the line. It would bring Rugby football back to Twickenham, where, for too long now, International matches have been cramped, unimaginative, strangled affairs.

AND now I cannot avoid ending a little sadly, for news has just reached me of the death of Mr. Ernest Prescott, the Rugby Union treasurer since 1924, and President of the Union in 1921-22. Mr. Prescott's death at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight will be widely lamented, for not only did he carry out his duties as treasurer with great efficiency, but he was one of those quiet, wholly dependable men upon whom the future of Rugby football rests.

Every game has its orators, its committee-men, its public figures; some games are fortunate in being served also by a small body of disinterested enthusiasts, who do their work, as far as their duties will allow them, quietly in the background.

Of these enthusiasts, Mr. Prescott was one; his name, perhaps, was not as widely known as others in the Rugby world, but those who did have the privilege of knowing him and his work will realise that the game could ill afford to spare him.

Books of the Week

Heralds of Spring: By "Ericus"

SPRING has come! They are skating at Wimbledon, ski-ing in the Chilterns, and sliding on the Round Pond. But Spring, at any rate, as far as I am concerned, has come. The Publishers say so. They have a habit, you know, of dividing the year into two seasons, the spring and the autumn. And, while I am on the subject of publishers, I must add that they do say the funniest things about their books. You 'll scream, my dear, when I tell you that *Ann Vickers* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is described on its cover as Mr. Sinclair Lewis's first book about a woman. This of the creator of Mrs. Dodsworth and a positive gaggle of femininity besides!

HOWEVER, if Mr. Lewis is under the same misapprehension as his publisher, he now makes up for lost time, for in *Ann Vickers* he fairly spreads himself on the subject of woman. And there in that one word, "woman," you have the reason why his latest novel is unquestionably his least impressive. Of woman, generally, he tells us much; of Ann Vickers, precious little. Which is strange when you remember his flair for characterisation. Yes, I know that he describes in detail Ann's childhood and her womanhood, her love affairs, her dreams and aspirations and inhibitions, and all the rest of it, for over five hundred pages. But at the end of it all, though we have gleaned much of Mr. Lewis's political and sociological ideas—and most informative and moving he always is—we know little more about his heroine, the woman herself, than when we started. In other words, is this book a treatise on American topics of the day or is it a feminine character-study? I rather think it was meant to be the latter. It is only fair to add that I have judged it by the standards Mr. Lewis has led us to expect from him. By those standards this is not a good novel. That does not mean that by the ordinary standards it is a bad one.

Kenneth N. Collins

Mr. J. B. Priestley, with two of his daughters, Sylvia and Mary, taken in the garden of his house at Highgate

I REMEMBER being tremendously taken with a book called *Wild Oats*, by Eric Muspratt. Here is its sequel, *The Journey Home* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), in which the author at last reaches Australia, after three years of ranging the earth, penniless and passport-less. It is an almost incredible record of difficulties overcome by a determined and independent spirit, and is written with that disarming candour and simplicity that singled *Wild Oats* out from its fellows. Mr. Muspratt is a remarkable man with an attractive and forceful personality. I am beginning to think he is an even more remarkable writer. From the age of nine he has worked with his hands in various quarters of the globe, his time taken up, you would have thought, with the difficult business of keeping himself alive. Yet he has learnt to express himself with a simple dignity that many more mature writers would give their ears to acquire. And every now and then he looses at you a phrase of real descriptive beauty, as when he speaks of a nocturnal journey in a railway truck: "It was like riding through the sky on the tail of a comet." On the last page he sums up his philosophy. "People will only be happy to the extent that they are good. And it is very hard to know what is good." This is a human document (that overworked phrase) you really must read.

EVER since he wrote his first novel, *Broken House*, Mr. Ambrose South has been a marked man. I will lay any odds that, as a result of his second, *Dwelling Place* (Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), no group of literary lions will be complete without him. In this epic of the countryside Mr. South blends the rustic dignity of Mr. Eden Phillpotts with the poignancy of Miss Mary Webb. In fact, I kept thinking of *Precious Bane* as I read it. It is the tale of a Somerset farm—at least, I gathered it is Somerset; Mr. South does not tell us—of the family who extract a living from it by the sweat of their brows, and, especially, of the bitter feud between father and eldest son. The characters leap into life under the magic wand of their creator: Hughie Canley, war-worn and misanthropic, Clara, his wife, kindly and incompetent, their children, Max, rebellious in his love for the unworthy Phyllis, Anne, the Martha of the household, and a host of other people, good and bad, but all very much alive-o! Even the place-names have their meaning: Cradles, Croft, Slant and Litter. A rare novel, well worth writing and even better worth reading.

I WISH I could say the same of *One House*, a first novel by James Courage (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), but, frankly, I could not raise much interest in this chronicle of four sisters in a country house near Salisbury. Mr. Courage writes simply and straightforwardly, but he has a long way to go yet before he fulfils the claim on the wrapping that for the literary ancestry of his novel one would perhaps have to go back to the Brontës. These publishers again!

WHEN the people of Miss Naomi Jacobs are good, they are very, very good, and when they are bad, they are horrid. But the great point about them is that, Bayards or blackguards, they rarely fail to be interesting, and so I always enjoy her books, as I have her latest, *Groping* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is not another Gollantcz journal, but the story of Marcus Stone and his search for happiness, grossly impeded by one of the nastiest only sons in contemporary fiction. And memory recalls some most unpleasant ones.

I CAN also recommend *The Unenchanted Circle*, by Rupert Latimer (Ivor Nicholls and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a light and vivacious family chronicle, with a remarkable resemblance to the airy pleasantries of Mr. Dennis Mackail, who is a past-master in the delineation of such types.

ARE you one of those ghouls who delight in forecasting another war? If so, read *What Would be the Character of a New War?* (Gollancz; 5*s.*), and make a night of it. This book embodies the researches made by various experts, soldiers, economists, financiers and scientists, at the invitation of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. If the bacteriological portion does not make your hair stand on end, I don't know what will. The Editor claims that no one, having read this book, could fail to make a resolution to prevent the coming of such abominations. I concur, as the Brigadier used grimly to remark at the bottom of my confidential report.

A portfolio of Fashion compiled weekly for The Bystander by Madge Garland

MADAME DE MUÑOZ, the Russian wife of the First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Rome, wears a black béret from Reboux trimmed with a long Robin Hood's quill

MRS. AMHERST VILLIERS, who married a nephew of Lord Wimborne's last summer, was Madame Maya de Lisle. She lives in an enchanting little house in Farm Street, and her husband is the well-known inventor

Horst, Paris

spring hats are of several minds: here three smart women advocate three distinctly different types

Yevonde

Horst, Paris

MRS. LEO D'ERLANGER, who is an American by birth, is easily one of the most beautiful women in London to-day. This photograph of her was taken in Paris, and her small-brimmed black hat, with its spotted veil and tiny feathers, is particularly becoming

For Golfers and

Scaioni

THE attractive little knitted caps to keep your golf sticks clean and unrusted are a novelty which may be obtained at most of the leading stores. Three suits for golfers are suggested by Harry Hall, who makes excellent costumes of this description from as little as seven guineas. These may be carried out in tweeds, homespuns or West of England suitings, and favour medium-length coats, pleated skirts and moderately wide revers

Some Items of Feminine Interest

Lenare

A CHARMING arrangement for moderately long hair is illustrated by these two photographs of a coiffure by J. Stewart. This firm specialises in a particular method of permanent waving which fulfils every type of individual requirement

IN these lean times it is no small comfort to know of a new shop which makes a speciality of looking after your furs; indeed, it is less of a shop than a service, as its name, Fur Services Ltd., suggests. The fact that it is sponsored by the biggest experts in the fur trade ensures absolute confidence in the work, and although one may buy the most exquisite fur wraps, as the coat shown in the photograph above proves, the chief business of this organisation is to nurse your own furs back to health and chic. Here, in the hands of experts, your furs can be re-dyed, remodelled and cleaned until they are literally unrecognisable. Fur Services also have a special system of cold storage which keeps your furs in perfect condition. So many people think that immunity from moths by the aid of much camphor is all that is required, and few realise that furs must be kept separate, aired and in the correct temperature if the pelt is to remain unharmed

Oxford University Show Promise at West Hill

'Varsity Players and their Opponents

V. ff. Smith and A. G. N. Robinson, both of Oxford, who halved their match

R. S. Stroyan and J. F. Jackson, the West Hill players. The former lost his singles match and the latter won

Left: A. E. W. Henderson (Oxford University) talking to his foursomes partner, J. S. O. Haslewood

K. A. S. Morrice, one of the newcomers to the Oxford team, who won his match against H. N. Clapham by two holes

J. B. Beck, who played No. 1 for West Hill, waiting at the first tee

A West Hill pair: H. J. T. Neilson and F. G. Mirfield. The home team won the foursomes by four matches to one, but lost the singles by five to six

H. N. Clapham (West Hill) and H. B. Dugmore (Oxford University). The former, partnered by W. H. Bermingham, beat Dugmore and Morrice by two holes

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Sir Ernest Holderness and Dale Bourn add their weighty opinions to the debate on the conditions of the Amateur Championship

INTEREST is certainly increasing in this matter relating to the conditions governing our Amateur Championship, and I am feeling a pleasant warmth within me in that so many people have taken the trouble to inform me that my attack has been justified. However, when I have done with the various articles which my friends have written for me on the subject, I will, perhaps, devote a week to summing up and to stressing the tremendous support which there is for my suggested alterations.

This week let us deal first with a very thoughtful little article which has been sent to me by Sir Ernest Holderness. It runs as follows :

"MR. FAIRLIE'S demand for the abolition of eighteen-hole matches in the Amateur Championship does not excite in me any violent spirit of partisanship. I have no desire to wave any flag, whether green, red or white, on the subject. My emotions are negative to a point of being deplorably dull. It may be that one should feel strongly about it, one way or the other, and not to do so may bring upon one a charge of cowardice; but doubt may be honest and sometimes valuable.

"His proposal is not new. It was canvassed freely some years ago, when an energetic agitator obtained the opinions of a very large number of entrants for the Championship. As might be expected, they were divided, but quite a reasonable number were in favour of the change. It appeals most, I fancy, to those who have a reasonable ambition of being champions, and find the present system too much a lottery for their hopes : it does not appeal to those who look upon the Championship meeting as a pleasant and exciting, if strenuous, holiday, to be celebrated, if fortune smiles, with a few famous scalps. Neither does it appeal to the great mass of golfers who go to witness the Championship as though it were the Derby or Grand National.

"Mr. Fairlie would regard this criticism as confirmation of his proposal. I agree that it is, but only if one accepts his assumption that the object of the Championship is to select the most accomplished amateur golfer of the year. About that assumption I feel very doubtful. If I only believed in it, I would vote, not for 36-hole matches, but for 72-hole medal play—as in the Open—which is the fairest and most gruelling ordeal which can be devised for the torture of golfers

Mr. T. A. Bourn, has written an enthusiastic letter in support of Mr. Fairlie's suggestion for Amateur Championship conditions

"THERE was a time when I might have condemned eighteen-hole matches. As an undue share of luck has fallen to me in them, I may have acquired some affection for them, but, however it may be, I think they are not ill-suited to the spirit of amateur golf in this country, and I should regret any innovation which had indirectly the effect of commercialising that spirit. I shed no tears over our defeats in Walker Cup matches, which I do not believe we are likely to win until golf becomes a national game in our schools. I would rather that we lost every time than that we should breed a race of 'amateurs' who spend all their days on the links. For an amateur, a game should be a hobby and a recreation, not a whole-time occupation.

"The Amateur Championship is as unique and, in its way, sensational as the Grand National, and in the interest of amateur golf, it is perhaps as well that it should remain so."

IN his second paragraph, Sir Ernest mentions that my proposal is not new and was canvassed freely some years ago. He goes on to say that opinions were divided, and that a reasonable number were in favour of the change. I think I am right in stating that far more than a reasonable number voted for the change; that, actually, there was a majority in favour of a change, but even in the face of this majority, the Royal and Ancient refused to move. Perhaps, at the time, this was a good thing in disguise, for there were not so many then who wanted the change as there appear to be now, and we had not then had such glaring examples of what might happen, because of the eighteen-hole matches, to help our cause. We were also not faced with such a succession of defeats in the Walker Cup.

Sir Ernest, I notice, if he could concede my assumption that the Amateur Championship exists for the purpose of finding the best amateur golfer of the year, would change the whole Championship from match play to medal play. I have already stated that I would be the last to advocate so great a change, since I definitely think that match play should remain as the principal feature of the Championship. All that I am out for is to make as certain as possible that the better golfer of the two competing in any match should ultimately win.

Otherwise, I only quarrel with one remark in Sir Ernest's very interesting little article. It seems to me that in his last paragraph he is rather inferring the old fallacy that we in England play the game as a game, and that our friends in America play the game as a whole-time occupation under the pseudonym of amateurs. It cannot be too greatly stressed that this fallacy has come about purely and simply because of the inherent conceit of the average Briton, who, when away from his work, insists upon playing a match at golf rather than spending even half the week-end at practice.

I HAVE also received a letter from Dale Bourn. Here it is : "Bravo, Comrade Joe! I have taken my red handkerchief out of the drawer and am now wearing it, even though your new régime appears to me to be a bit too drastic.

"Let us forget the words 'tradition' and 'custom,' and remember the word 'progress.' Let us find true, good golfers who can win on merit and who can go through the fires of score play and match play and not get burnt, rather than those who go through the fires of Dame Fortune. Let us really test the golfers by making them play the two forms of single play and not only one—and let them do it thoroughly—then the winner can truly be hailed a 'champion.' But your régime appears to me to be too drastic in that only sixteen should qualify. I suggest thirty-two. The same as the American system, only 36-hole matches all through. If necessary, seed the draw. Play the last eight in the Walker Cup and we would do better than we do now! Admitted that there would be fewer entries for the Championship, but what would be lacking in quantity would be made up by quality . . . . What is the use of playing an 18-hole Championship and then a 36-hole Walker Cup match? It appears inconsistent to me—just as the 36-hole final to 18-hole matches is, too.

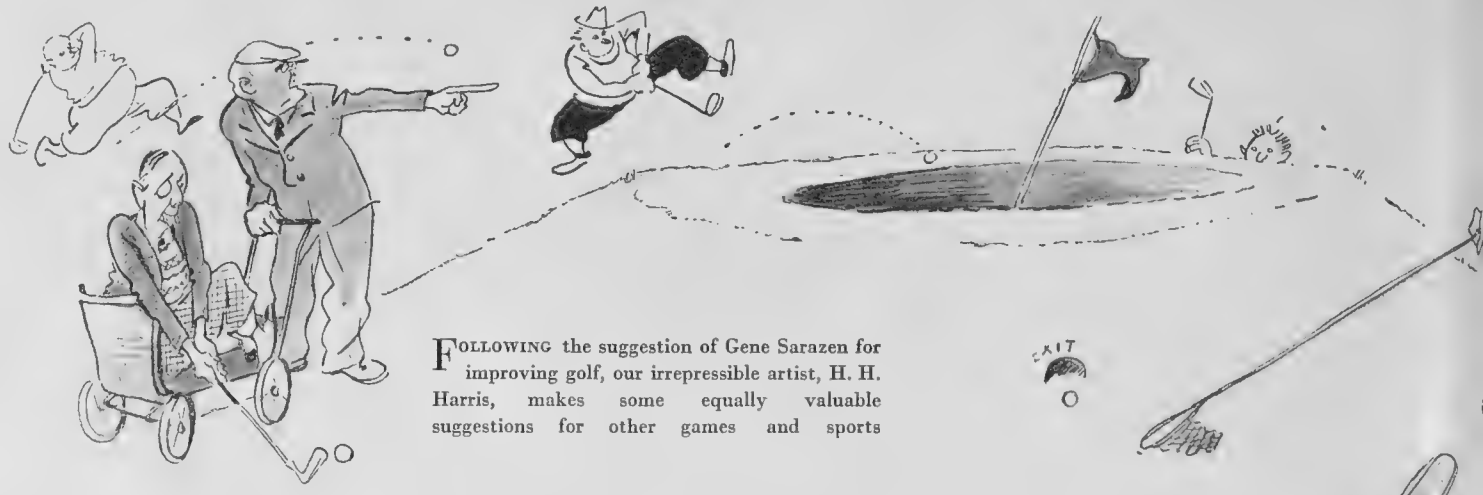
"The true test of golf score is play. The best test of golf is 36-holes match play. Let us combine the two and have a *real* Championship.

"Good luck to 'the Cause.'"

I would like to thank Dale Bourn for his enthusiastic support, and would be perfectly prepared to accept his modification if it were possible to qualify thirty-two and still complete the event in a week without having recourse to the inconsistencies of the conditions of the American Championship as they at present stand—*i.e.*, two rounds of eighteen holes before the 36-hole matches start.

Next week I will deal with letters from Giles Gillies and John Morrison.

Sir Ernest Holderness, whose interesting contribution to the debate now raging round the question of how to find the best amateur golfer is quoted in full

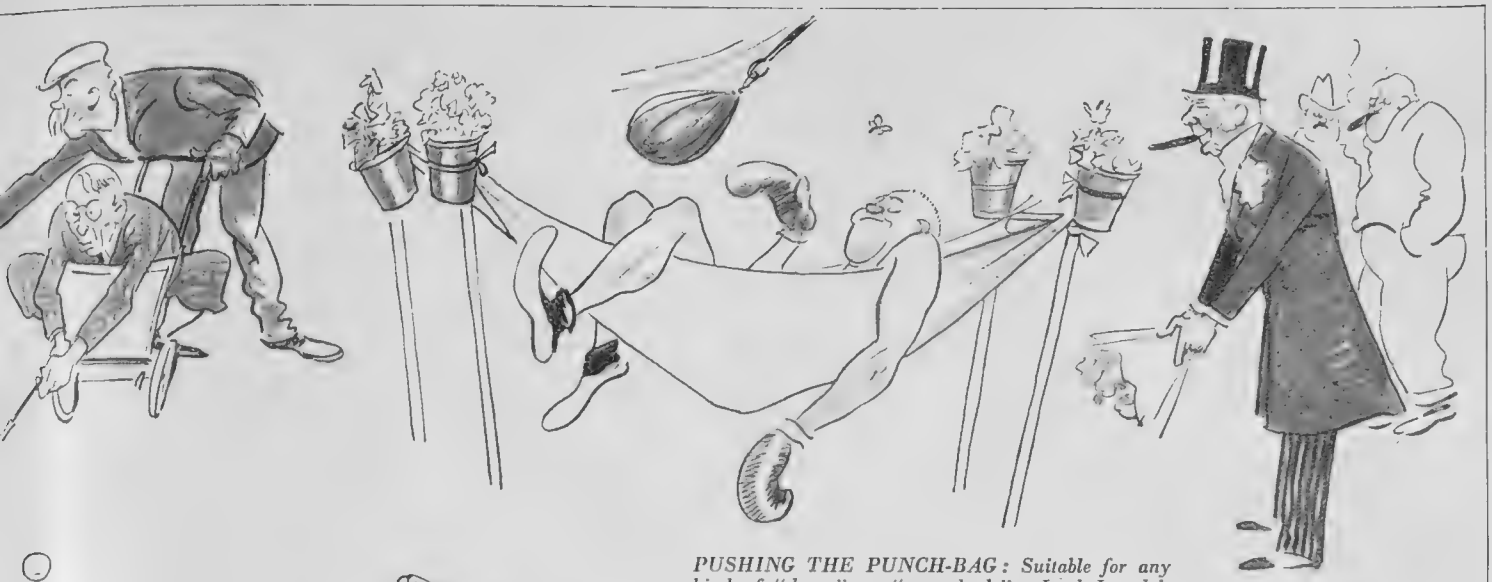


FOLLOWING the suggestion of Gene Sarazen for improving golf, our irrepressible artist, H. H. Harris, makes some equally valuable suggestions for other games and sports

GOLF: Why not make the hole fit the green, thus saving the "ever ready" expense in its upkeep? Here are Ralph Lynn, under the care of J. H. Taylor, also Gordon Harker and ball, under the care of James Braid, profiting by the improvement to hole out in double figures instead of three

STEEPLECHASING: Spring-boards provided for old crocks in the Grand National, which allow all our particular favourites to have a sporting chance

New Sports for



PUSHING THE PUNCH-BAG: Suitable for any kind of "hope" or "come-back." Lord Lonsdale saying it with flowers left over from the Olympia Circus

LAWN TENNIS: Showing E. Phillips Oppenheim and Gordon Selfridge trying out the H. H. Harris patent racket that saves all undue exertion or romping about the tennis-court. J. B. Priestley, on the far right, carefully keeping the score—if any

CROQUET: These two famous big-game hunters, J. R. Clynes and "Jumbo" Jolliffe provided with reluctant steeds in order to slow down considerably this fast and exhausting game

DARTS: Bow Darts for tired wrists. Those two Dead-Eye Dicks, Augustus John and Teddy Brown, participating in this rollicking pastime, at which they show extraordinary élan

"Old Sports": By H. H. Harris

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Good-bye to "Steel Shaft": To-day's L.G.U. Meeting

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I BELIEVE that I was rash enough last week to promise a summary of the criticisms which have flowed from the pen of "Steel Shaft" in the last three months. On second thoughts, that seems rather impossible; the suggestions were made personally from "Steel Shaft" to fourteen leading players, and are, therefore, their individual concern more than anybody else's. I feel inclined to agree with the friend who wrote to me: "If our players cannot stand a few home-truths, where is their sporting spirit—and how else shall they learn their little faults, unless someone is kind enough to tell them?" and leave it at that. Besides, there are other things to discuss with you this week, the first one extremely pleasant.

YOU remember that last year Mrs. Dunlop Hill most generously gave a Challenge Cup to be played for by defeated competitors at the Northern Foursomes, entry money, for as many single medal rounds as they like to take out, going to the National Playing Fields Association? She gave the Cup knowing full well that there might be years when it would be simply impossible for it to be played for, because a club which welcomed the Foursomes themselves might be quite unable to house the further competition at the same time. But 1933 is not going to be one of those lean years. Moortown, to be sure, could only take the Foursomes, but their next-door neighbour, truly on their very doorstep, has come most nobly to the rescue, and the N.P.F.A. competition will be played over Sand Moor. There is this extra advantage about a separate course: play for the N.P.F.A. Cup can start on the same day as the Foursomes; you may be beaten at Moortown by eleven o'clock on the Tuesday; by twelve you may be starting off again at Sand Moor, full of hope and determination that, instead, your score shall win the N.P.F.A. Cup or the scratch prize. I know Yorkshire hospitality is a by-word, but the loan of two first-class courses for one week has taken away even my breath, well though I know what the county is capable of doing.

Weir Brothers, Glasgow

Mrs. Andrew Holm and Michael

THE other thing on which I want to sort out my ideas, and yours, is this tour the L.G.U. have announced for the autumn—at least, the summer, autumn and winter 1933-34—to South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. The thing really is important, and I only hope delegates will come to the L.G.U. Annual Meeting on February 8th really understanding the facts of the case. They are these:

The L.G.U. promised South Africa, long ago, to send out a team to play exhibition games and to show South Africa what the standard of golf in Great Britain really is. So far, so very good. Everybody approved the idea and it was sanctioned by the annual meeting itself. Then came invitations from New Zealand and Australia, whereupon the Executive of the L.G.U. accepted them and announced that the visit to these will form part of the tour to South Africa, the reason for a combined, rather than two separate tours, being a saving in expense. The round trip will take nearly eight months.

THE point is, how can any team be expected to go on playing first-class golf, combined with a vast amount of travelling and a great deal of entertainment, over so long a period of time? Men who have taken part in tours—Mr. Torrance, the Walker Cup captain; Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, who took a team to South Africa for a few weeks; Mr. Longhurst, who took a University team to America— raise their hands in pious horror at the mere idea. It is not merely the travelling, nor the golf, but the feeling that they would be perpetually "on show," the beheld of all beholders; that for seven long months every shot they played, every word they spoke, everything they did, would be taken as representing British women golfers. In what sort of condition for further exhibition golf, further entertaining, would the team be by the time they reached South Africa at the end of the trip?—poor South Africa, who were the original instigators of the tour, and have every right to receive a fresh, keen team, not one jaded by a tour of this inordinate length.

Another thing is that nobody seems to know how much the Australasian part of the tour will cost; the estimate of the whole round trip is in the neighbourhood of £2000, but it is only guesswork. The whole resources of the International Fund stand at £3400 odd, and there is France to entertain here this year, America to be visited the year after. Many critics allege that to spend two-thirds of your capital at a blow is rather more than brave.

OF course, the length of tour will make it difficult for many people to accept if they are asked; Miss Doris Chambers, who would have been ideal for the post, has refused to go as Captain and Manager on that score.

And then, what is one to think of the International Committee issuing to the Press a list of fifteen players whom they have asked if they would be ready to go if chosen, and omitting from that list people like Miss Wethered, Miss Gourlay, Mrs. J. B. Watson? Either the list should have been the fifteen best players in the British Isles, regardless of whether they would go or not, or only of those who were ready to go. A number of the fifteen, being married women and the mothers of young families, will doubtless refuse; it is quite possible that in the end the five players who actually go—if this scheme is carried through—will in no sense represent the best of British golf. The critics find it hard to see on what principle, whether performance, promise, or personal grounds, the fifteen names were selected. Some are saying that nothing but the last can explain that selection.

It would be very difficult to imagine a graver indictment of the women golfers as a whole than to suggest that such a thing were possible. But if anybody thinks that to be the case, then they can only come forward at the L.G.U. council and demand that the whole matter be sifted to the very last grain.

That will take some courage, but one fancies it is going to be done. You can think of me, sitting at the reporters' table, not eligible to speak one word. But "the less he spoke the more he thought." Without doubt there will be wigs on this green.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Golfers and their Children

Left: Mrs. Andrew Holm, the reigning Scottish champion, and Michael. Mrs. Holm made her début as Miss Helen Gray in "Eve" Scottish Foursomes of 1926. In 1930 she won the Scottish Championship at Turnberry New Course—where it and "Bystander" Foursomes are to be played next year—and repeated the win in 1932 at Cruden Bay

Mrs. Ray Atherton with John and "Mia." She was Miss Maud Hunnewell, and her husband is Counsellor at the American Embassy

Marcus Adams

Mrs. Ray Atherton

Golfers on Skates

At Wentworth and Stoke Poges

Left : Miss K. Atkins and Miss P. Tyrrell were two of the skaters at Wentworth Golf Club who found the ice quite a good substitute for the fairway

Above : Miss D. Swan and Miss J. Swan walking down to the lake at Stoke Poges, and looking very Swiss in their ski-ing suits

Left : Mr. Jeff Cock and Miss Jeff Cock getting in a bit of quiet "bullying" practice before the serious ice-hockey started

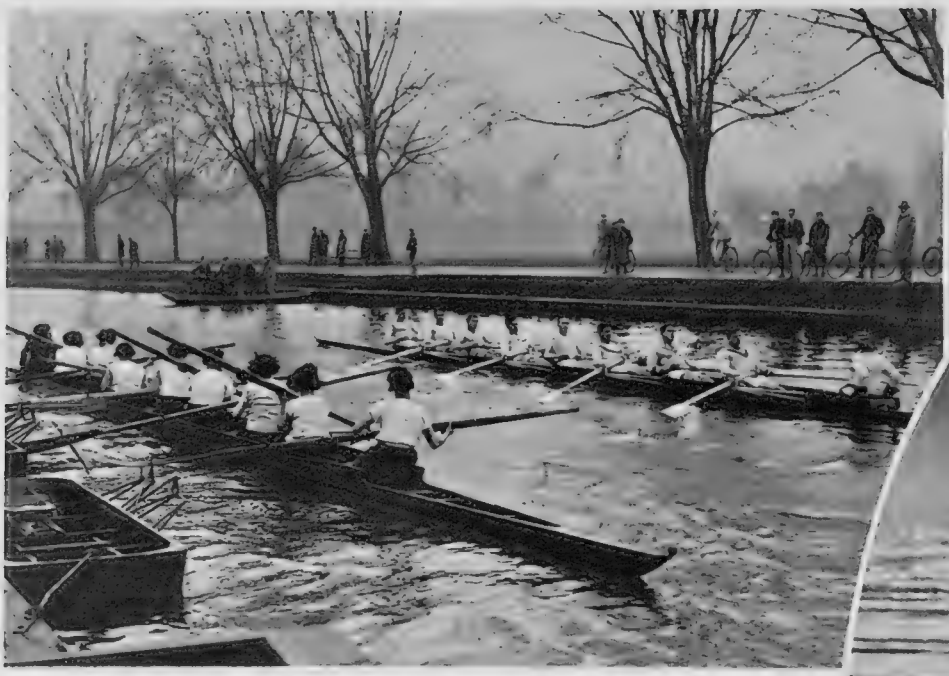
Mrs. C. K. Cotton, the wife of the Secretary of Stoke Poges Golf Club, and Mrs. de la Torre get a helping hand from Mr. J. S. Beard

Major-General Wallace Wright was one of the Wentworth regulars who took to the ice

And Mr. Alan Cave, a former Oxford golf captain, was doing the same at Stoke Poges

Mrs. Dudley Charles, the well-known Surrey golfer, taking a good ice stance for the camera at Wentworth

Left : Mr. R. O. Mobbs and Miss E. Lanchaster on the lake at Stoke Poges ; the ice was as good as the best of figure-skaters could want



Ladies First—But Not on the Cam!

Newnham College Ladies' Eight, with a gallantry which should be commended, pull into the side as the Cambridge crew, in all its glory, continues rowing in as much mid-stream as the Cam possesses. The University Boat Race is on April 1

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

I SUPPOSE the Australian Cricket Board of Control have improved matters by their reply to the M.C.C.'s cable on the body-line bowling controversy. I suppose they have—all the charitably minded critics seem to be saying so, anyway—but I still find it very hard to stomach their remarks about the spirit of cricket.

"We are deeply concerned," say these Australian pontiffs, "that the ideals of the game shall be preserved"—which is very good of them, but we may be forgiven if we point out that they are not the only people who have the ideals of cricket at heart. No—on getting down to it, I cannot agree that this second Australian note is anything but a boorish, presumptuous and clumsy piece of work.

Still, it will be interesting to see what Messrs. Hartigan, Woodfull, Richardson and Noble make of their job of finding a way to eliminate body-line bowling from Australian cricket. Are they going to set about it by definitely restricting the number of fielders on the leg-side, or by forbidding leg-theory bowling altogether? Or will they be more subtle, and rule that a batsman may be given out l.b.w. to a ball pitching outside the off-stump but breaking back into the wicket? I believe in this indirect manner they could so greatly encourage bowlers of the Larwood type, whose break-back nowadays is killed by defensive covering-up and pad-play, that the leg-theory might return to the armoury of unwanted weapons of attack.

BUT whatever this Australian committee does, it can hardly expect that its deliberations will be taken with great seriousness by cricket followers in England, who are not yet convinced that there ever was a controversy to worry about. The plain fact is that the Australian authorities have landed themselves in an extremely awkward situation, and their efforts to extricate themselves are bound to be undignified. And if they escape with loss of dignity only, they may count themselves lucky.

I think, incidentally, that they will also lose the Ashes, though in this rumpus about sportsmanship, and what-not, we have rather forgotten that the M.C.C. are in Australia for the purpose of playing cricket. I hope very much that Australia will lose the Ashes, though I must say that this is the first time I've ever really cared much one way or the other. As it happens, the fourth Test Match begins at Brisbane next Friday, and the

Below: John Armour, Mrs. Armour, "Tommy" Armour, the former U.S. and British Open Golf Champion, and Benjamin Armour on the golf course at Pinehurst, N.C., where father recently went round in 64, which ties with the record for the course

Above: Annandale and the Ace II., two favoured candidates for this year's Grand National, saddled at sunrise for exercise on the sands of Bognor Regis

Our Women's Golf Team

Mrs. Brindle, Miss Garnham, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss B. Dix-Perkin, Miss Hartop, Miss Pyman, and Mrs. Fishwick at Waterloo previous to entering the Sumaris boat-train to Southampton, en route to Florida, where they will compete in the Florida Golf Championship

H. J. M. Hesketh won the one-mile race on a waterlogged track as seen below, for Magdalene against Clare in the second round of the first division of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Competition at Cambridge

Tossing for choice of ends in the match at the White City, when Queen's Park Rangers met First Vienna Club (Austria), and the visitors won by three–nil. They had played one match previously, when they drew with Plymouth Argyle

odds are that Australia will level the scores by winning.

From the English point of view the trouble about Brisbane is the climate—low-lying, hot, humid, and the fiercest period of the Australian summer, and the English players will probably feel under the weather. It would be pleasant if England could win decisively, and have done with this detestable series of Tests, but I fancy all five matches will have to be played to a grim finish.

The new Australian team is rather an experimental one, though young players like Bromley, Darling, and Tobin may come off unexpectedly. Darling and Bromley are left-handers, and there is no doubt that this is potentially the strongest batting side Australia have so far put into the field. Even so, it is by no manner of means a great side, and Australia have clearly come to a lean period, which actually is the root of all the trouble. The New Zealand cricket authorities, by the way, must be following the exchange of courtesies between England and Australia with particular interest, for I happen to know that the New Zealanders are none too fond of the Australian cricket administrators.

Now to boxing for a little while, and I have on my desk an advance copy of Gene Tunney's memoirs, *A Man Must Fight*. Unfortunately, the book is not to be published till next week, so I cannot review it yet, but it is certainly unusual to come across a real boxer who is also a real writer. Somehow, Tunney's career has never really excited me; there has always been too much care and calculation about it, and the more impulsive, more warm-hearted Dempsey has invariably attracted me more. And yet, despite that disputed knock-out, when Tunney was on his back for fourteen seconds, according to the stop-watch of Dempsey's chief second, Tunney was unquestionably the better man. He was not a popular champion, but he was a worthy one, and since he retired there has been no heavy-weight to fill his place adequately.

I find considerable division of opinion about Jack Petersen, after that grand fight of his with Pettifer. There are those who maintain that he is a world's champion in the making; there are others who believe that he has reached his limit. I am inclined to doubt whether he will go very much further, good boy though he is. He is, to my mind, too much under the domination of his father, who dictates the run of his fights entirely. I cannot believe that champions are made like this. They have to work out their own styles and methods, as Tunney did, and they have to make their own decisions in the ring. Petersen is an automaton; he does what his father tells him to do, and never thinks for himself. A pity, to my mind, but the fact remains that Petersen has been remarkably successful, and that he has just signed up for three contests in Wales during the summer, which will bring him in £6,000.

In the meanwhile, Seaman Watson has done extremely well in America. First he convinced the New York boxing boys that he was worth looking at, and then he amazed critics, public and promoters alike, by thrashing Fidel la Barba. A sound, undemonstrative fellow, Watson; the sort of champion who sends up British stock with a bump abroad.

The Need for More Airports

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Inventions for making an aeroplane more efficient are legion, though that illustrated above appears also to make it more complicated. It is an American device, alleged to create a partial vacuum round the body of the 'plane, thereby enabling it to fly faster!

Blanks on the Air Map

THERE are still too many important towns and centres of interest in the country where no recognised aerodrome or landing-ground has been established. This lack of facilities restricts flying, not only at such places which are unapproachable by air, but everywhere else, for the reason that the aeroplane cannot be of maximum utility unless one can land at all towns. Obviously, this latter would be an ideal state of affairs, but one unattainable in practice for many years to come. Meanwhile, good sites are being absorbed for other development schemes, while the price of land near every progressive town tends to rise, and the ultimate position of the local airport becomes farther and farther away from the centre of the town which it is intended to serve. Whilst local authorities have the power to reserve land for aerodrome purposes, the Government is not in a position to make such reservation compulsory. In our typical English way, we are drifting along without any national scheme of development. Town councils are waiting for private enterprise to finance the aerodromes, ignoring the fact that the aerodromes will help trade and will become a municipal necessity in a few years' time.

Home Airways

THIS is not the title of a new company, though it might very well be taken as such when internal air traffic is a more promising field for operators on a big scale. At the towns where foresight has taken some practical shape, air ferry services and feeder lines are already working, and more are promised this season. Bristol and Cardiff are connected by Norman Edgar's machines with a base at Bristol Airport. Similarly, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, Hull and Grimsby and London and Clacton. Portsmouth is to have its own service from London, Heston being the base from which Spartan Cruisers will depart daily, and it will also be linked up with Plymouth, where a municipal airport is established at Roborough, with Reading, and possibly Bristol. Mr. Hillman is contemplating a service from London to Manchester, using the airport at that city for a continuation to Dublin, and he is extending his seaside air lines to include Margate and Ramsgate. The fleet of Dragon Moths which he has ordered will enable him to operate at a profit, charging fares at the rate of 3d. per mile per passenger. The war-time aerodrome at Eastleigh has been taken over at last by the Southampton Corporation for the city's future air traffic. When Home Airways have a section to themselves in the Stock Exchange list, such places as Portsmouth, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Plymouth and Hull will reap most of the profit from internal air traffic because they were first in the field, gave the public facilities for flying almost before it realised the need for aeroplanes, and secured their sites at a reasonable price and in a good position.

Moving Events

THE Comper factory is being moved from Hooton Park, Cheshire, to Heston, where it will occupy a new building that adjoins the B.A.N.C.O. hangar. Another move to the south takes place shortly when Airspeed leave their home town of York for Portsmouth Airport. There is no aerodrome at York, which has been a considerable handicap to the Company, as all tests have involved the additional cost of road transport to Sherburn-in-Elmet. Flying trials of this firm's new type, the "Courier," fitted with a retractable under-carriage, are expected to take place this month, and the performance figures are awaited with great interest. The small pusher machine for Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Lee Murray has been flown at Sherburn, and a new "Ferry," similar to those designed for Sir Alan Cobham's tour last year, is being delivered to an operator in the north of England. The pioneer firm of A. V. Roe, owning two factories and two aerodromes, has decided to concentrate at Woodford, near Manchester, leaving its Hamble aerodrome entirely at the disposal of Air Service Training. This school is owned by the Armstrong Siddeley group, of which Messrs. A. V. Roe also form a part, so that the change-over is in the nature of a family arrangement to provide for the expansion of the international flying centre which has made such great progress during the past year.

News from the Tarmac

TWO pilots from England intend to compete for the Viceroy's Cup on February 10. Flight-Lt. Stead and Mr. R. O. Shuttleworth, the racing motorist, have flown out on Comper Swifts, a type which has not been seen in India, if one excepts the fleeting glimpse which a few people obtained of Mr. Butler's Swift when he flew to Australia.

Old and new transport in the Canadian North-West. Dog teams resting at an air-mail centre, after bringing in cargo for the Fokker Universal, which is carrying it to civilisation. Canadian Airways Services average more than 100,000 miles a month

The Armstrong Siddeley 20-h.p. Sports Saloon is a thoroughly good-looking car, and will put up a first-rate performance on the open road

CARS with a Personality

The 20-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley

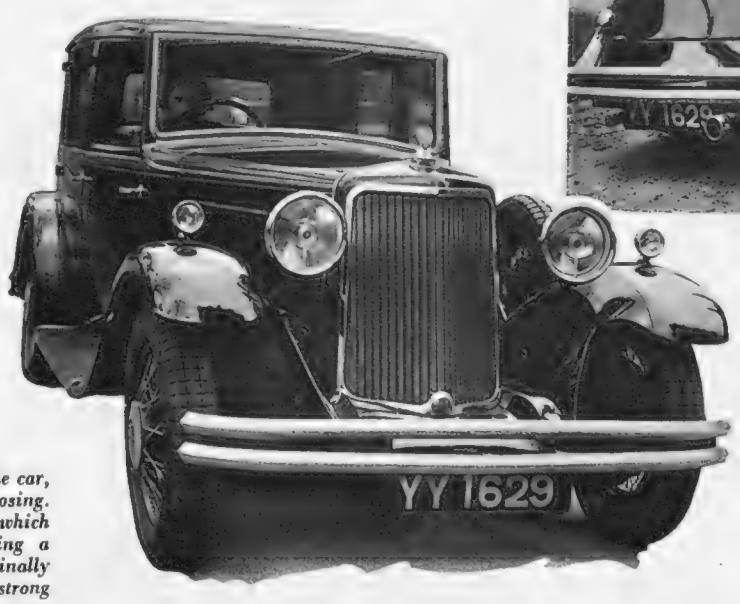
By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE are some cars, and the Armstrong Siddeley is among them, which contrive, if not to hide their lights under a bushel, at least to achieve a highly creditable performance in an exceedingly quiet and unassuming manner. Such cars deserve to be carefully studied, particularly by the more discriminating type of motorist.

In the case of the 20-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley, for example, one is inclined to anticipate a fair, but not a startling, turn of speed. Actually, I should be prepared to class the Sports Saloon, which I have recently been driving, as a distinctly fast car. Its maximum may not be much in excess of 70 m.p.h., but it has so high a cruising speed that it can safely be driven, all day and every day, at an honest 60 m.p.h. There are many supposedly faster cars of which one would hesitate to say as much.

THE secret of Armstrong Siddeley performance is a very smooth six-cylinder engine, combined with an agreeably high top gear. With a gear ratio of approximately 4 to 1, 60 m.p.h. does not seem (nor is it, from the mechanical point of view) an unduly high speed. The engine does its work in a delightfully effortless manner, and there is certainly no lack either of acceleration or of flexibility.

The car's springing and steering qualities are excellent, with the result that it sits down on the road in a highly satisfactory manner. Curves can be taken, still at 60 m.p.h., with complete confidence, and thus a remarkably high average speed can be maintained.

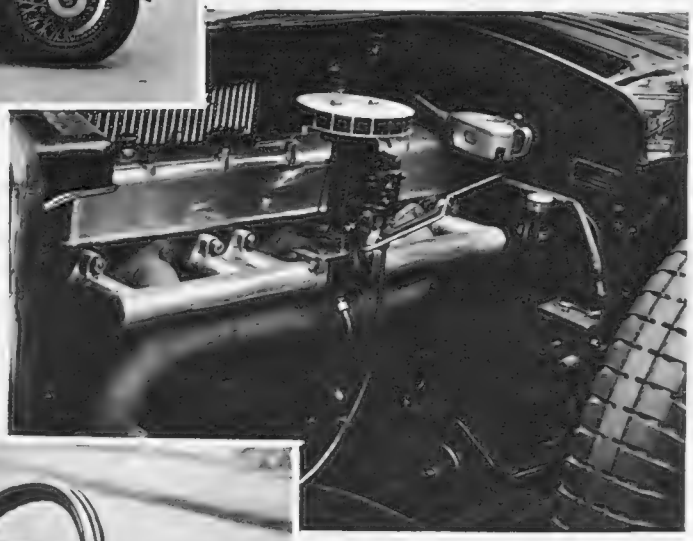


Right: the front view of the car, which is decidedly imposing. The V-fronted radiator, which has recently been enjoying a great vogue, was originally adopted by Messrs. Armstrong Siddeley some fifteen years ago

Gear-changing is very seldom required; but no difficulty, in any event, can arise with the pre-selective "non-crashable" gear-box, of which Messrs. Armstrong Siddeley were the pioneers. Standardising a brand-new type of gear-box was a bold move; but no motoring innovation has proved more generally successful. In this case, a particularly pleasant third gear ratio is employed, giving a maximum speed of about 55 m.p.h.

THE brakes are extremely powerful; in fact, I do not know when I have been able to pull a car up from high speed more steadily and swiftly. I made a test from about 60 m.p.h., and was astonished to find how almost instantaneously I could reduce speed to 20 m.p.h. or less.

The coachwork is comfortable and well thought out, and my only criticism is that the windscreen is not made to open—too much reliance, being placed upon the wipers. An excellent point is the inclusion of permanent jacks in the special equipment. Altogether, at £565-£580, here is a car which, for comfortable, trouble-free long-distance touring purposes, must be rated very high.



Above: the six-cylinder engine, although of orthodox design, is remarkable for its smooth running and silence, even at very high speeds. The tool-kit is conveniently accessible

Here is a real "finger-tip control." The pre-selective gear lever is mounted on the steering-wheel, and all gear changes can be made with perfect certainty and ease

The photograph below shows an unusual but excellent feature—the permanent four-wheel jacking system. The neatly-concealed luggage grid and locker should also be noted

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

It is a very regrettable fact that before the advent of greyhound racing the wives of very many working men were accustomed to going at closing time to the doors of public-houses and fetching home their drink-taken husbands. It may have been amusing, if not healthy, for the men concerned, but it could scarcely be said to have been amusing for the women concerned, and for them it was most certainly not healthy. There is a minority, or so it seems, which is prepared to accuse greyhound racing of worse things even than this, but it is a fact which any fair-minded person can prove for himself that, since the advent of greyhound racing, this deplorable state of affairs is undoubtedly less common.

If I am challenged to produce proof of what I am about to say now, I can produce it, and, as I shall be betting on a certainty, I would suggest that those who are detractors of greyhound racing should, at any rate in this case, refrain from risking their money. I know of one public-house which I have no reason to believe is in any way exceptional amongst those which are situated in the vicinity of greyhound racing tracks, which takes £60 a night when there is no greyhound racing at the track nearby, and only £20 a night when there is greyhound racing. In this connection I would like to state a fact which anybody can prove for himself—that no drinks are available to the public on greyhound racing tracks except to members of the clubs run in conjunction with the tracks. In other words, greyhound racing is a greater attraction to the working man after working hours than are the public-houses, and as such I think that they serve a definitely useful purpose in the social life of the lower classes. The only possible criticism which may be suggested is that the working man will go to a greyhound racing meeting rather than to a public-house, and will lose all his hard-earned salary on the dogs.

I fear me that, having reached this stage in my argument, those who are fanatically opposed to greyhound racing will cease to read any further. I regret that this should be so, but there is no question at all that the opponents of greyhound racing are not prepared to listen patiently to any arguments offered against them. They are, in fact, puritans of the worst description; they wish to thrust down the throats of all those who do not agree with them (and, believe me, there are millions) their narrow puritanical views, and are utterly unable and unwilling to have any fair argument on the subject.

On the other hand there are such things as statistics, and again I am prepared to be challenged on any of the figures which I am about to quote. Twenty million people paid for admission to greyhound racing tracks in 1932. I suppose that most people would think that these twenty million people are in the habit of losing at least a few shillings on most of the evenings on which they attend greyhound racing. But I can produce statistics to prove that the average loss, allowing for bets with bookmakers and with the "Tote," per person is but *ninepence per head*. Now the entrance fee is 1s. 3d., which means that the average person who attends a greyhound racing meeting has spent in an evening only two shillings on his enjoyment. If there were no greyhound racing, and if he went, as before, to a public-house he would probably spend at least two shillings on beer and probably another sixpence on tobacco or cigarettes. Once again I must reiterate that my figures are open to inspection by anybody.

Greyhound racing is a darned sight better for the average working man and for his wife than is the absence of greyhound racing when he would almost certainly spend his time, without his wife and without fresh air, in the nearest public-house.

Far from being a social menace, it is, without question, good for our country; and let any professional politician attempt to prove me wrong! Most of them will not: they leave that to the members of a Royal Commission, only, as we all hope, to refute the findings and deal a blow for fair play by refusing to accept the biased opinion of others.

They All Like Greyhounds!

Mrs. A. C. Critchley, Brig.-General Critchley's wife, with Diane and Brian, and their greyhound, Brandy, photographed in the garden at Midway House, Wimbledon

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

BAIN-DE-LUXE.

The Perfumed Stimulation of the Perfect Bath.

One is apt to accept the refreshment a bath affords unthinkingly—as one does the air one breathes, without even wondering why it rouses energy in the morning, revives and refreshes when one is tired, and will relieve aches and pains and headaches.

The fact is that bathing stimulates the circulation and activates the pores of the skin—that supremely important part of the human constitution which supplements action of the lungs, by breathing and absorbing oxygen, and the internal organs by eliminating toxins. Many costly treatments for rheumatism, gout, skin and digestive troubles include baths of various sorts. The necessity for these could often be avoided if the daily bath at home were treated, seriously and intelligently, as part of the ritual in the cult of health and beauty, instead of as a hurried or perfunctory duty.

The bath water should be soft for the sake of keeping the skin smooth and fine and assisting the lather and cleansing properties of a good soap. And if the stimulating powers of the water can be increased, its restorative and health-preserving action will be greater. Since we are none of us indifferent to the amenities, the luxury of a pleasant perfume in the bath water is not to be despised, but strong salts, which sometimes contain caustic sodas, should be avoided.

The new Scrubb's Perfumed Ammonia is an ideal adjunct for the perfect bath. A few drops will instantly soften the hardest water and will make the bath invigorating to tired muscles and a tonic and beautifier to the skin. There is a choice of delightful perfumes, Eau-de-Cologne, Jasmine, Pine, Rose and Lavender, which blend pleasantly with the refreshing emanation of the ammonia itself, and their various colourings in the new shapely clear glass flasks make a bottle of Scrubb's Perfumed Ammonia a decoration as well as a necessity in the bath-room.

The good effect of the ammoniated bath essence upon the skin is increased if Scrubb's Antiseptic Soap is used.

For the sake of health as well as beauty a hot bath should be taken every day and the whole body lathered with a good soap. It is well to cool off the water or, if practicable, to have a cool spray at the end of the bath, especially in cold weather, and a brisk friction to follow will add to the stimulating and revitalising effect of a bath "treated" with Scrubb's Perfumed Ammonia.

Throughout the history of the world, beautiful women, and even famous men, have been addicted to luxurious bathing, and any accusation of vanity can be refuted, because the practice is actually beneficial to health as well as beauty. If the skin is kept in good condition and fatigue kept at bay, we are not only better to look upon, but are happier, more confident and more useful members of society.

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The Doggy World

Tired or Lazy?

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is a great difference between laziness and fatigue, but it is not always easy to distinguish between the two in the case of dogs, and at the same time it is important that one should be able to realise when a dog is "foxing."

For many years I had a little wire-haired dachshund which was very game and lively, and always ready for a walk. In later years she would sometimes display a disinclination to come out, and I imagined that she was getting lazy as she grew older, and being very anxious to avoid her becoming too fat (the bugbear of dachshunds—at least, of their owners), I insisted upon her coming out. Looking back, I am filled with remorse and unhappiness, for last year she died from diseased lungs, and it must obviously have been uncomfortable for her taking much exercise. I am to blame, for I should have realised that, as she was a game little dog, there must have been some reason for her not wishing to come.

Now the "old man"—in other words, Ch Alfred of Tulchan, alias "Billy-Willy-Winkins"—although always ready for his morning walk, is apt to be bored by a solitary walk, without another dog, in the afternoon, but let his daughter, Susie, come along and he is full of pep and go. Now that, I know, is mere boredom and, as such, not to be tolerated. Susie is always ready to come out, but she does not like following the horses, and I never ask her to, as I suspect her heart is not too strong. But Finsie, the "Arctic devil," is always ready to be on her feet all day, and if she refused to come out I should put her in a warm kennel and give her invalid food, for I should know she was out of sorts. So you see that, in one small kennel alone, there are three different types of dogs to deal with.

Three bull mastiffs belonging to Lord Londonderry: Champion Simba, Tullasmaine Ginger, who has won many prizes in Ireland, and Princess Megan, who took two firsts at Cruft's last year. Champion Simba and Princess Megan are among the 3448 entries competing at Cruft's to-day and to-morrow

STUDY your own dog's character so that you can tell whether he is being unreasonable when he refuses to come for a walk. Of course, I am not asserting that dogs are not sometimes unwilling to come for walks, simply because they have been pampered and their livers allowed to grow sluggish; when that is the case, the more they are given into, the worse they become, and they must be forced to come for a walk, but short, slow walks to begin with, so that the heart is not strained. But should you own the average pet dog, such as a terrier, Scottie, or Dandy Dinmont, who is always ready for a scamper, be very suspicious if he shows disinclination to come out, and do not force him. Let matters simmer for a few hours. Either it is a temporary indisposition from which the dog will recover, or he is sickening for something, and Nature tells him not to exert himself.

THE average small dog will tire out his master in the matter of exercise, although large dogs, such as Irish wolfhounds, seem unable to take a great deal. No doubt this is partly owing to their upbringing in England, for in the Colonies they are far more active. However, whatever the breed of your dog, watch him if he becomes suddenly lazy.

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The Editor's Box

A "Tail-Wagger" Celebration

Tail-Waggers were present in force at the "Half-Million" Celebration Dinner given by the Club at the Dorchester a short time ago. The Chairman, Professor Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E., and Capt. H. E. Hobbs, the founder and organiser of the Club, received the guests, who included representatives of law, literature, and art as well as of philanthropic agencies and professions connected with the dog-world. Capt. Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., Sir Henry McCardie, and Maj.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S., were among the speakers. A cabaret show during the evening included one most original turn: an exhibition by a team of Great Danes from Mr. Gordon Stewart's Send Kennels demonstrating obedience, scent and colour discrimination and jumping in a way that amazed even the experts among the audience.

A "Royal" Record—and Others

The most important of the new H.M.V. records is that of the King's Christmas Day broadcast speech, his "Message to the Empire," which must have been the most widely listened-to speech ever broadcast. The H.M.V. recording plant caught this historic message, word for word, as it was delivered, and the record of it is now on sale. All profits from it are to be given to the British "Wireless for the Blind" Fund.

Some excellent dance records are included in the H.M.V. February list, two of the best of which are "Ich Leibe Dich, My Dear," by the New Mayfair Dance Orchestra, and "Wanderer" and "Lying in the Hay," by Ray Noble. Paul Robeson and Frank Crumit have each made a new record, and the specialities include Raie da Costa on the piano, and Jack Simpson on the xylophone.

Hotel Gone "Talkie"

Torquay has always been in the advance guard of the English resorts that really do cater in an up-to-date way for the pleasure and entertainment of their visitors. And in Torquay itself the lead has been taken by the Palace Hotel by its installation of the first full-size sound picture equipment to be taken on by an English hotel. Silent films have been shown twice weekly at the Palace for some years, but now the very latest "talkies," of the kind seen (and heard) at first-class cinemas throughout the country, will be shown, and will, in accordance with the general policy of the Palace, be free to all its guests.

Harrogate's H. and C.

Someone has suggested that Old Nick's Cauldron is responsible for Harrogate's constant hot-water supply. This romantic explanation of the fact that the temperature of the sulphur water at the famous spring was 57·2 degrees, while that of the town supply was 35·2 degrees, and the air 32 degrees, was prosaically countered by the scientific statement that the water rises from an immense depth, which accounts for its high temperature, and that if the supply from below were greater, it might at the surface be really hot.

The Gourmet

Conducted by Emilia

VARIOUS SAVOURIES

ROES AND MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

***

KIDNEYS À LA MARÉCHALE

***

DEVILLED LOBSTER

***

OLIVES WITH ANCHOVIES

***

EGGS IN CASES

Roes and Mushrooms on Toast

TAKE some fair-sized mushrooms, peel them, rinse in warm water to remove any grit, and take off the stalks; place on a greased baking-sheet, stalk side uppermost. Put some small pieces of butter on each mushroom, and a little pepper and salt, cover with buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes or so. Prepare some round croûtons of fried bread and serve a mushroom on each croûton, and on each mushroom place a cooked bloater roe curled round. Serve very hot.

Kidneys à la Maréchale

FRY four kidneys and slices of bacon in a pan. Chop one dessertspoonful of parsley and add it with four large mushrooms, 1 oz. of butter, pepper and salt. When cooked, remove the kidneys and bacon, and put in a dish in the oven to keep hot. Stir two tablespoonsful of stock or tomato sauce into the mushrooms, and when well heated pour over the kidneys and bacon.

Devilled Lobster

REMOVE the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little Nepaul pepper, chop it very finely, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a very little melted butter, and a tomato cut up small. These must be cooked over the fire, stirring till they boil; add a little mixed mustard (or French). Have ready some little squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over.

Olives with Anchovies

STONE some Spanish olives, wash and fillet four anchovies and mince them finely; also a quarter of a teaspoonful of minced onion, a little chopped parsley, and a pinch of cayenne. Put this preparation inside each olive in place of the stone, put them on croûtons, and serve with a little mayonnaise sauce.

Eggs in Cases

BUTTER some small white fireproof cases and put into each a piece of butter the size of a nut, with a pinch of parsley, a little cayenne and salt. Break an egg into each case, add a teaspoonful of grated Parmesan and a sprinkling of bread crumbs. Heat in the oven for five minutes and serve.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the January Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely — 18 and under in the Silver division, 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss E. M. Homan	Tollygunge	88	16	72	77	5 below
Mrs. M. Rostron	Royal Calcutta	81	9	72	73	1 "
Mrs. W. Shipley	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	84	10	74	74	equal
Miss Shipman	Bowdon	92	14	78	77	1 above
Miss O. K. Sutton	North Hants	83	6	77	75	2 "
Mrs. V. Clement	Ringway	80	8	77	74	3 "
Mrs. G. F. Playford	Thonock	84	9	75	72	3 "
Mrs. J. C. Bell	Langholm	92	15	77	74	3 "
Mrs. Bishop	Hockley	90	15	75	72	3 "
Miss M. Fielding	Blackpool North Shore	95	16	79	76	3 "
Miss M. Kendall	Northampton	96	18	78	75	3 "
Miss Joan Shipman	Bowdon	96	15	81	77	4 "
Miss Ruth Brown	Chislehurst	90	14	76	71	5 "
Mrs. Coxwell Rogers	North Hants	96	16	80	75	5 "
Miss Wooding	Kingsthorpe	95	13	82	74	8 "

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"THE BYSTANDER" congratulates the following player on holing in one:—

Miss S. Dore 12th at Croham Hurst

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. F. D. C. Sumner	Royal Calcutta (India)	87	27	60	73	13 below
Mrs. Bowman	Tollygunge (India)	92	30	62	73	11 "
Mrs. W. H. Miles	Royal Calcutta	103	34	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Buckland	Sale	101	30	71	74	3 "
Miss Jean Wilkinson	Stockport	103	30	73	76	3 "
Miss M. P. Spencer	Northampton	94	20	74	75	1 "
Miss J. Coutts	North Hants	93	19	74	75	1 "
Mrs. J. Jackson	La Moye	100	30	70	70	equal
Miss Katharine Lowe	Tamworth	100	27	73	73	"
Mrs. Ellery	North Hants	113	38	75	76	1 above
Mrs. L. Whitefoord	La Moye	90	19	71	70	1 "
Mrs. Bull	Hockley	103	33	73	72	1 "
Mrs. Somerset	North Hants	103	26	77	75	2 "
Miss M. Way	Hockley	100	26	74	72	2 "
Miss V. Wimshurst	La Moye	93	19	74	70	4 "

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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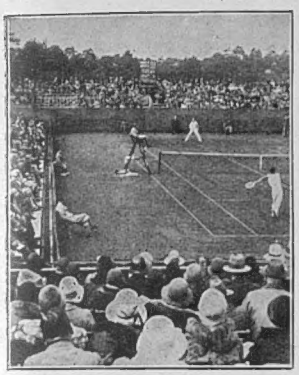

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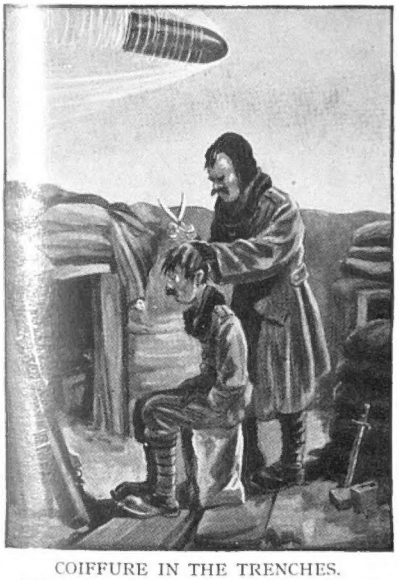

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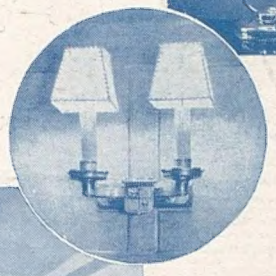

"One," said the American.

"I'm out!"

"Up Twenty."

"Right in the face of a one card draw, eh? I'll drop."

The Baroness had seen the young American glance at his fifth card for a split second. No one else had seen him. His expression was unchanged, a half-smile, confident. It was his turn now to bet.

"Well, I'll tell you. If the bottom card's a heart . . . I'm afraid I'll have to raise the limit. . . ."

What on earth was he doing? His four cards were spades! He was turning his hand, neatly packed, face-up so that only the bottom card was showing. It was a heart!

"A heart she is. Up a hundred!"

Plop! went three hands. The last one looked hard, considered, threw in his cards.

"I don't think you've got it, but in my day the definition of a good poker player was one who could be bluffed out."

* * * *

"They stood inches apart. Tony felt the sensuous effluvia of Laura's charm creeping over him like late shadows over a meadow. Without turning, and in a low voice, he murmured an answer to her question: "I'm in love with you!" *A thrilling, gripping story* — "FOUR FLUSHER," by Anatole Blair.

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The new series is composed of romantic cameos of long ago under the title of "STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY." *In this issue:* "CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOL MASTER," "SPARTAN JUSTICE AND SPARTAN LOVE," "SAINT PRISCA."

In addition to a survey into that problematical question of House Warming — there is another interesting and very practical article by Winifred Lewis about Electric Lighting. Both of these articles are entertainingly illustrated. And a few timely hints to house owners by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc., on Damp and Decay affords enlightenment upon this elusive subject.

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